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A

NARRATIVE OF JOURNEYINGS

IN THE

LAND OF ISRAEL.

BY ROBERT WILLAN

BEYROOT AND LEBANON.

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PREFACE.

The following pages are the result of a journey to Palestine in the winter of 1847-48, and of a six months' stay in that country. The author's aim in his narrative, has been rather to give the leading incidents of his various journeyings, than to describe the objects which he saw.

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The novelty of a pedestrian journey through the centre of the country, and the abundant leisure which the author enjoyed for observation, may be some apology for adding another to the long list of published Travels in the Holy Land. But no apology is needed. Looking at the "Land of Israel" in the light in which God has regarded it, every faithful view thereof, especially if from a somewhat new position, will be welcome to the Christian. It is the birth-place of his faith, the land of God's choice, Immanuel's land, the "glory of all lands;" where the most important events of sacred history transpired, where the threatenings of God have been most remarkably fulfilled, and

where the blessing of the Most High is yet most abundantly to descend: and every Bible-reader must be interested in hearing of the present condition of that land, connected with which are our most sacred recollections, and so many glorious anticipations.

For much of the interest he has felt in the Land of Israel, as well as for drawing his attention to some passages of Scripture throwing a new light on the topography of ancient Jerusalem, and identifying the true Mount Sion with Mount Hermon (Deut. iv. 48), the author acknowledges himself indebted to Mr. Wilson; whose writings on "Our Israelitish Origin," "The Book of Inheritance," "The World to Come," &c., are silently making their way among the thoughtful disciples of Christ, and, under the blessing of God, are gradually leading unto a further developement of historical and especially prophetical truth, to the confirmation of our common faith and the brightening of our hopes.

Lancaster, October 5th, 1849.

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A NARRATIVE, &c.

CHAPTER I.

THE VOYAGE TO HAMBURG.—JOURNEY TO BERLIN —BRESLAU—VIENNA—AND TRIESTE.

On Thursday evening, 24th September, 1847, in company with John Lowthian, Esq., who was then on his second journey to the Land of Israel, I went on board the steamer, Helen M'Gregor, at Hull, which was to start for Hamburg early the following morning. The route which we had chosen was to enter Germany at Hamburg, and from thence to travel by the connecting lines of railway through the capitals of Prussia and Austria to Trieste, from whence we intended to proceed by the Austrian Lloyds' steamers down the Adriatic to the Levant.

When we ascended the deck the next morning, the steamer was at the mouth of the Humber, and emerging upon the open sea. The morning was fine and calm; and the great numbers of vessels on every side rendered the prospect cheerful and enlivening. But as we got further out, and had

bidden adieu to the sight of the shores of our beloved country, the number of ships visible became much less, and the wind and the waves began to rise. Moreover a drizzling rain came on, which made the deck unpleasant, and the sickness which soon affected me added no little to the sense of the miserable. It was some relief to think of the land to which we were journeying; interesting as identified with all that is sacred in history, and with the multitudinous promises of blessing there to receive their accomplishment. The desires of our life, from our earliest years, seemed likely now to be realized; and it was almost with wonder, yet with confidence, that I said, "Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem."

Our voyage was without incident, and, the weather continuing unpleasant, we were glad to find ourselves on Saturday evening, opposite Cuxhaven, at the mouth of the Elbe. We remained at anchor for about two hours, and received some passengers on board. During the night we passed Heglioland (Holy land), an island belonging to Britain, from whence British manufactures were extensively smuggled into the continent during the wars of Napoleon; and which has now become a favourite bathing place of the Hamburgers. When daylight appeared we were within a few miles of Hamburg; and already opposite to us on the left, old-fashioned high brick houses lined the shore, the red brick contrasting finely with the deep green of

the hills behind. As we advanced, the houses were more numerous, extending a little backwards. Tokens of our approach to a large and commercial city continued to increase, until we anchored, at about half past four o'clock on Sunday morning, a little below the city gates. All the passengers got their luggage off, and went on shore immediately. We were glad to follow their example, and once more to set our feet on land. We proceeded up the quay until we were stopped by iron gates which we found closed across it, and which gave admission to the city. We were told that they would not be opened until five o'clock, unless we paid for permission to pass; and as it was near five, we waited and saved our money. As it was so early in the morning, the streets were empty and silent, and when we got to the Albion Hotel, the inmates were asleep; and we had to wait, shivering in the cold for sometime, before we were admitted.

When we had refreshed ourselves, and rested awhile, we went out to see a little of the new world into which we had landed. Instead of being, as I had often pictured it, a mean and dirty city, its cheerfulness, cleanliness, and beauty surprised us. From the absence of coal smoke, even the oldest buildings had a peculiar freshness of appearance, and the populous city seemed to have the bright clear air of the country. In the old part of the city, the buildings are very high, and the gable ends, studded with windows, front the streets, giving them a fine old-fashioned, picturesque appearance. The terrible

fire of 1842 is said to have burned down 1749 houses, and 61 streets. These have been rebuilt in a magnificent style of street architecture, and form a new town highly in contrast with the appearance of the old part.

It is stated that there are 4000 resident English in Hamburg, and there are two places of worship where the service is performed in our language; one Episcopal, and the other Congregational. We attended the latter, and though we thought that devotion and simplicity were wanting, we were pleasantly reminded of the privileges and blessings of our own happy land. Every Christian, whilst travelling abroad, has need to learn, what we are all so apt to forget, that the "Lord of heaven and earth dwelleth not in temples made with hands,"[1] and that the time *now* is when place and building matter not, but "the true worshippers shall worship the father in spirit and in truth."[2]

Hamburg is almost surrounded with extensive and beautiful gardens, belonging to the city, and open to all. Well-formed walks cross in all directions, in some parts shaded by overhanging trees. At some spots in the gardens an extensive prospect is visible, the principal features of which are, a panoramic view of the spacious city, the noble river, and over the latter the rich plains of Hanover. We were told that the united length of the walks was not less than 30 miles. Seats were places at intervals along the sides of the walks, and

1 Acts xvi. 24. 2 John iv. 21, 23.

under the trees. No one is allowed to touch anything, and soldiers are standing guard at all points.

As it was Sunday, most of the shops were closed in the morning, but towards evening, particularly in the new part, the shops generally were opened, and the streets were very much crowded, most of the men smoking either cigars or pipes. The number of persons with Jewish physiognomy whom we met in the streets, appeared very great. It has been said that, although the workshops are apparently closed, in many of them the workmen are obliged by their masters to work on the Sabbath. Confirmatory thereof, we saw a painter with his brushes and palette, returning from his work, enter his master's shop opposite our hotel.

We were much struck with the grotesque appearance and dress of the country people, who bring their produce to Hamburg for sale. The women of one district, of whom many were seen selling nosegays, were most curiously attired. They wore a flat hat of immense dimensions, a loose cross suspended on the shoulders, and a very full and *very* short dress. I felt it strange to be for the first time in my life amongst people whose language I understood not. This feeling however soon went away.

On Monday morning we enjoyed a walk in the gardens; and after breakfast, we had a hunt after passports, which was anything but pleasant. Having got one from the British consul, we got it vised at

the Police Office, and drove to the Austrian consulate, but the consul was from home. We then went to the terminus of the Berlin railway. On getting our tickets, we had to give up our luggage, for which we also received tickets. The arrangements of the railway were very perfect; and the carriages more comfortable than the corresponding class in England. The speed also was very great. The principal objection we felt was the sideway motion of the carriages, which is probably owing to their great length—one German carriage being about as long as two English ones united. One line of rails seemed sufficiently to accommodate the traffic, and we understood that continental railways generally have only one line. The country over which we passed between Hamburg and Berlin is little better than a sandy waste. Where there was grass, it appeared very thin, and sustained some small cattle in a pitiable condition. The stations on the railway much surpassed English village stations, and were apparently much too large. At some of these, about the end of every hour, from ten to twenty minutes was allowed for refreshment. And however leisurely Germans may take other matters, they certainly made good use of their time at these places—sustaining themselves during the intervals by incessant smoking in the carriages.

We arrived at Berlin late in the evening, and ordered a *drosky* to take us to the British Hotel in the Unter-den-Linden. When we got there,

we found it a spacious and splendid establishment, but the only thing *British* about it was the desire to get English travellers and English money—except the head waiter, who could speak a very little English. The attention and accommodation were everything we could desire.

We stayed in Berlin two days, waiting for something which Mr. Lowthian had left at Hamburg. Notwithstanding the weather, which was very disagreeable, we visited a few of the principle objects of interest in the city. The Unter-den-Linden street is I think unequalled anywhere as a street. It is perfectly straight and very wide, leading from the Brandenburg gate at the entrance of the city, to the Royal Palace and other public buildings. Several rows of *Linden* trees run the entire length of the street, betwixt which are spacious promenades. We visited the museum, containing extensive collections of sculpture and paintings. In front of the museum stands a gigantic basin, 22 feet in diameter, cut out of one solid block of beautifully spotted red granite. The entire city appeared to be built of brick, not however left bare, all the houses being covered with cement; and in the principal streets, the architecture throughout was of a highly ornamental description. The winter must be very severe at Berlin, as almost all the windows were double, the inner one about a foot from the outer window.

On Thursday we left Berlin by the railway

for Breslau, very early in the morning. When we got to the station, we found the large waiting room almost filled with persons sitting, smoking, and eating. Their number surprised us; but as the train we were going by was the only train in the day through to Breslau (upwards of 200 miles) the cause of such a large number of passengers was evident. Most of the passengers must have been there nearly an hour before the time;—perhaps purposely so, to enjoy themselves at the station. When we got into the carriages we were not a little annoyed with the smoke. One gentleman besides us smoked incessantly the whole way. When he had smoked a few cigars, he would take his pipe for an hour or so, and then for variety go back to his cigar case. Our neighbours in the carriage soon found out that we were not Deutsch, and they began to conjecture what we were. A gentleman suggested that we were Poles, and a lady decided we were Danes; and they appeared surprised on being told that we were English. We afterwards found that two of our fellow-passengers—a German gentleman and a poor looking Jew—could speak and converse with us a little in English.

The railway took us through a flat country, much richer and more populous than the country we had come through between Hamburg and Berlin. The fields were of immense size, and cultivated in long patches, a few of these perhaps composing a peasant's farm. We were amused at the

ploughing, which was done with poor-looking milch cows; the ploughman managing his little plough with one hand, whilst the other sustained the beloved pipe of the German. About ten in the morning we passed by the large town of Frankfort-on-the-Oder; and about noon we entered the Prussian province of Silesia. The country continued to improve, the soil here appearing fertile and well cultivated, and the tameness of the scenery was relieved by the view of distant mountains. We passed several troops of "navies" employed about the line, and it was strange how they nearly always happened to be sitting eating as we passed. When at work, they proceeded in the most leisurely manner, and many had top coats on to keep them warm.

We arrived at Breslau, the capital of Silesia, about nine o'clock in the evening, heartily tired with being confined the whole day in the carriage. In assorting and delivering the passengers' luggage, a scene of the utmost confusion took place. The trunks and boxes were all placed behind a counter in front of which the passengers thronged, each one anxious to get away, and calling out the number of his luggage ticket. The mass of luggage was so great that the porters appeared quite confused, and scarcely any progress was made for some time. At length one gentleman shouted out his number and the magical word "*trinkgeld*" [drink-money], and his luggage was forthcoming immediately. One after another got theirs on the

same terms; and it appeared surprising that the head officials present did not stop it. When we got to the inn to which we had been recommended, the waiter told us in English that the house was full, and named another, to which we drove. It was a very good hotel, but there was no one in the house who could speak a word of English. On the following morning (Friday) we had a little time to look about us in Breslau. It is a large and important city, with 110,000 inhabitants. The peasantry, who on the continent retain the ancient costume, were here mingling with townspeople dressed in the latest French fashion. The country women wore strange head dresses, and immense straw hats. The old streets of Breslau have a highly picturesque appearance; the very steep roofs of the houses being ornamented and studded with upright windows, which admit light to two or three of the top stories of the houses.

At noon we repaired to the station of the Upper Silesian Railway, which we found crowded. We could pay no further than Cosel, and not to Vienna as we had expected. The country appeared finer, more populous, and more varied in its character, than we had hitherto seen, and we enjoyed our ride much. When we got to Cosel, our luggage had to be re-weighed, and the porters satisfied with trinkgeld; and we here could pay only to Annaberg, a small place near the Austrian frontier. Our guide books and maps represented the line of railway complete all the way to Vienna, but when

we arrived at Annaberg we were undeceived. Night had then come on; and leaving the railway, we were driven, along with all the passengers, in Omnibuses, for several miles, to the terminus of the Austrian Northern railway, where we arrived near midnight, and were all surrendered into the hands of the Austrian Military. We were ushered into a large and well-lighted room, where all the passports and luggage were closely examined—the latter in search of contraband articles. There being a great number of passengers, this took some time, and it was to us from its novelty a scene of interest. Open trunks were lying on every hand, waiting to be examined, and the officers were rummaging in one after another. When all was over, and we had been there nearly two hours—without any refreshment—we were shewn into uncomfortable railway carriages, and safely locked therein. All these things gave us a most unfavourable impression of the "paternal" government of Austria.

When daylight appeared, we found ourselves passing over a fertile and well cultivated country, and rather more interesting than we had hitherto seen. We were in the Austrian province of Moravia, and rapidly approaching Austria proper. Large vineyards began to be seen, and it would have been beautiful to see the vines loaded with their rich clusters, but the grapes had all been recently gathered. The vines are cultivated as low small bushes, better than a yard distant

from each other, each vine being supported by a stick. A few miles distant from Vienna, the train stopped, and all the passports were taken by an officer, a small billet being given in exchange; and we were directed to procure the passports at an office in Vienna within twenty-four hours. It was near ten o'clock on Saturday morning when we arrived at Vienna; and here the system of distributing the luggage was very much better than at Breslau or Berlin. As each article was handed out of the luggage van, its number was shouted out, and handed immediately to the person who claimed it, the passengers standing in a circle around the spot. As the numbers were shouted out in German, we could scarcely make out what the man said, but by watching closely, we managed to secure all our property. As we passed through the station house, all the luggage had to be opened for inspection by the custom-house officers, and it was even more strictly searched than on passing the frontier. Tobacco appeared to be the principal object of their search. A package of turnip seed belonging to Mr. Lowthian attracted their attention, and as he did not wish it to be opened, we endeavoured to explain what it contained, but without success. So the parcel was torn and the seeds scattered about, and then they were satisfied.

We had asked some persons on the train, who had recommended us to the "White Rose," whither we repaired, and found it to be a very large inn. The hotels, here as at Berlin, are very large fine

buildings, and the management is unexceptionable. The table d'hote, which is the usual way of dining at Berlin, is very uncommon at Vienna. Vienna is a fine old-fashioned city, and in going through it, we formed higher notions of its wealth and importance than of Berlin. The streets are narrow, and were very dirty when we were there, but the houses were well-built, and covered with cement. The traffic continually passing along the streets was very great, and reminded us of London. The extensive suburbs are more beautifully built than the city, and in one of these suburbs—Leopoldstadt —our hotel was situate. We had to learn here an entirely fresh coinage, in order to make purchases. Grapes and other fruit were abundant and cheap.

On Sunday we endeavoured to get out of the noise and bustle of the city. We found the roads extremely dirty, but we turned into the Park, and there every thing was clean and beautiful. We enjoyed ourselves in walking along its spacious avenues, lined on each side with closely planted trees, cut in the ancient French style, and presenting a perfect wall of verdure of great height. The effect at first is not unpleasing from its novelty, but the eye is soon wearied with looking at such endless uniformity.

On Monday we looked through the city within the walls—which forms but a small part of Vienna. It is the centre of business, and there was much to engage our attention. We found the office where we could engage places to Trieste, by Railway and

the Emperor's post, and we arranged to go by the first train on the following morning. The fine old gothic Church of St. Stephen's, which stands in a large square in the centre of the city, is one of the most interesting objects in Vienna. Going in, we were amazed at the splendour of the interior. Every thing calculated to impress the beholder was there. Art and boundless expense seemed to have there done every thing to awe the mind into that peculiar feeling which stands in the place of spiritual worship in the Church of Rome. The high altar was a perfect blaze of light and magnificence.

On arriving at our hotel, we met a funeral procession coming out of it, and were surprised to hear that it was the master of the house, whom we then learned had died about the time of our arrival. We had noticed the appearance of anxiety which seemed to pervade the establishment. The chief waiter could speak very little English; and he once imagined, when we were speaking to him, that we wanted a person to drive us in our coach across the Alps to Trieste! Presently he introduced a driver into our room; and we had some difficulty in finding out what they wanted with us.

On Tuesday morning, 5th October, we rose before four o'clock, and although it was quite dark, we set out for the Glognitz railway station, walking through the city to the opposite suburbs. We fortunately found the way, and passed the city guards without being questioned. At the barrier

outside the southern suburbs, an almost interminable row of country waggons were standing, waiting for their turn to be examined. This clumsy method of raising taxes—from produce entering the towns—is very general throughout the continent. The train started at six o'clock; and, though the morning was fine, we felt the cold very much in the exposed carriages. The country appeared more thickly populated than on the north side of the city. Large vineyards spread out on every side, and beautiful villas and villages abounded. We arrived at Glognitz about noon, and were transferred to the post carriage, in which we crossed a portion of the Styrian Alps. The scenery was exceedingly interesting, and I enjoyed walking up the steeper ascents. Romantic villages were nestled in many a sheltered corner, where the clear mountain stream glided peacefully by, reposing ere it dashed under a mill, and went foaming and struggling to the valleys below. These pleasant spots—the alpine cottages beautifully white and clean, backed by verdant hills, and surrounded with pretty gardens—suggested to our minds thoughts of rural happiness. On every hand were high wooded summits, and above these, the snow-covered mountains glistened in the sun. The people appeared simple and contented, and the careful cultivation of the ground showed their industry. After passing Murzzuschlag we were transferred to the railway, 150 miles long, which connects that town and Cilly, following the winding course of a most interesting alpine valley for the

greater part of the way—passing the towns of Bruck Gratz, and Marburg. Nothing could exceed the beauty of this pastoral valley, every few minutes revealing fresh combinations of scenery, the features of which were generally a fine flowing serpentine river, rich pastures, alpine cottages, and mountains verdant to their summits. The evening closed upon us ere we arrived at Cilly, and when we got there, we started immediately by the post carriage, over the high mountainous district between that town and Trieste. The traffic along the line of road over which we were travelling is very great, and the Austrian government has made railways where practicable, and excellent winding roads over the higher mountain passes. Throughout the next day we were travelling amidst scenery of the most interesting and romantic character. The people seemed a simple race, with peculiar dress; and spoke a primitive language of their own. In the afternoon we passed through Adelsburg, near which is the celebrated grotto of that name; and we were sorry that we could not stay to visit it. It was not until midnight that we reached Trieste, thoroughly wearied with our journey. We were taken to an hotel named *"Il Pelegrino,"* where we soon lost ourselves in the land of forgetfulness.

Brightly shone the sun through the venetian blinds the next morning, and delicious was the soft and bright Italian atmosphere after our experience of the colds of Germany. Issuing forth, we were soon on the pier, gazing on the silvery surface of

the Adriatic, dotted over with vessels becalmed, motionless as the waters beneath them. The docks appeared crowded with vessels, and tokens of high commercial prosperity were seen on every hand. Splendid buildings lined the streets, and all was clean and new and imposing.

It was quite a pleasure to stroll through the market. The grotesque figures of the country people, the masses of grapes and other fruits piled up in rich profusion, the quantities of fish—some swimming in their native element,—all attracted our notice; and how pleasant it was to load ourselves with a pound of delicious grapes for a penny.

On enquiry, we found that we should have to wait until the following Tuesday, and so we had nearly a week to remain in Trieste. The weather continued very fine, and we enjoyed ourselves in seeing the objects of interest around us. Among other things new to us was the use of oxen for drawing waggons of merchandise. We had seen them so employed on the road by which we had come from Vienna; and here their use was universal. There was a square in Trieste almost constantly filled with the oxen yoked to their primitive waggons, waiting for employment,—the oxen lazily ruminating as they lay on the ground. And on the quays, they were seen patiently toiling with loads, over the smooth granite pavement, for which horses would have been most unequal.

CHAPTER II.

VOYAGE DOWN THE ADRIATIC.—CORFU.—SYRA.—SMYRNA & BOUJA.—RHODES.—CYPRUS.—BEYROOT.

On Tuesday afternoon (12th October) we went on board the steamer "Il Mahmudie." We found the second-cabin accommodation very superior, and our fellow-passengers in it of a higher class than is met with in the second cabin of English steamers. Mr. Lowthian was much pleased to see a friend of his (Mr. Railton of Carlisle) come on board, and who, we had heard, was about to visit Palestine. He told us that he was only going as far as Corfu in the steamer, but that we might expect to see him in Palestine in the following March. It was about five o'clock when the paddles began to move, and we lost sight of land amidst all the mellowed splendour of an Italian sunset.

During our voyage we kept very near the Dalmatian shore, which appeared to us dismally barren and mountainous. Looking eastward we could occasionally descry the bold outline of the mountains of Italy. The greater portion of the passengers were our countrymen, some travelling to Egypt and Palestine, and others bound for India. There were also some English Officers going to Corfu; and these latter had a young fox on board, the feeding of which with a fowl

occasionally appearing to delight them much. We had pleasure in forming an acquaintance with Mr. Lee, a clergyman, who, like ourselves, was on a journey to the Land of Israel. The weather generally continued very fine, though we had a little sickness on board on the second day of our voyage.

We entered the harbour of Corfu on the morning of the 14th, and remained several hours taking in coal. Several of the passengers landed, and the fierce-looking Greek boatmen contended savagely with each other for them. Leaving Corfu, our course was by the coast and amongst the islands of Albania and Greece. The mountains were picturesque, and beautiful in the distance, but a nearer view revealed their naked sterility. The voyage continued pleasant until Sunday morning, when we were opposite the southern extremity of Peninsular Greece. Going on deck in the morning, the wind was so great and the ship pitched so much, that I could scarcely stand without holding. Every now and then the sea broke over the vessel. Very few of the passengers were free from sickness. The storm continued all the day; and after the night had set in, the captain sought for shelter in the harbour of an island, which some one on board had told him of—for this was our captain's first voyage as commander in the Mediterranean. There was no one on board who had been in the harbour but the English engineer; and we searched (by moonlight) in vain along the bold front of the island, for about half

an hour, without discovering the narrow inlet we were in search of. Continuing our voyage, after a stormy night, we reached Syra next morning. We were glad to go on shore, and we enjoyed a capital breakfast at the hotel in the town; and tasted the much lauded aromatic honey of Greece. We there met with a party of Englishmen, who were going to travel up the Nile and across the desert to Syria. We were here joined by Mr. Rutherford, a London shipowner, who was in the same cabin with us, and was excellent company. He went on shore with me the second day of our stay at Syra, and we had a long ramble through the town. The lower portion near the sea has quite a commercial aspect, and ship-building is carried on to a considerable extent. Mr. Rutherford was amazed at the slight build of their vessels. Having breakfasted in the street on grapes and bread, we visited the upper town, built on the side of a steep stony declivity, and could scarcely proceed through the narrow dirty passages, the only substitutes for streets. When we reached the summit, we entered the Church of St. George there, but saw nothing worthy of notice. There is only one well to supply the whole town with water, and it is over the hill. Great numbers of girls and children are continually going to and returning from this well; and at the street corners of the lower town, persons are standing retailing water to the thirsty passers by.

As we were returning, between the upper and the lower town, we went into a large school-room,

where a number of children were being taught. The teacher, who was a Greek, though in Frank dress, was very polite to us, and handed us chairs. He took several classes whilst we were there, but only one or two in each class appeared able to answer questions, and they had often to be assisted. The singing, however, was beautiful. The teacher could not speak English, but we afterwards found that the school was in connection with our Church Missionary Society.

Syra is said to be the largest town in Greece, although its population probably does not exceed 15,000. Twenty years ago it was a nest of pirates. There appears no hope of the restoration to Greece of any of her ancient glory. Whilst her mountains are lying waste, and her highways a prey to the violent, the enterprising of her sons emigrate, and, abhorring agriculture, are found as shopkeepers and artificers in all the towns of the Levant. They are a clever people, but generally dishonest.

On Wednesday evening, the storm having quite subsided, we sailed out of the harbour of Syra, and our course was amidst the islands of the Archipelago. The scene was beautiful, as the setting sun tinted these numerous islets, and threw its mellowed golden rays over the unruffled silvery deep. During the night, we were near "the isle that is called Patmos," where, unto the beloved disciple, were revealed "things that must shortly come to pass." The next morning, we anchored opposite the chief town of the beautiful island of Scio or Chios, which was

famed for its fertility previous to the barbarous massacre of its entire population by the Turks during the Greek war. About noon we had Mitylene on our left as we entered the bay of Smyrna; and as evening drew on, we were approaching that celebrated city.

The first view of an Eastern city conveys impressions so novel and exciting as never to be afterwards forgotten. Smyrna was truly splendid to look upon as it then lay before us, gently rising from the sea at the head of its capacious bay. The setting sun illumined its countless domes and minarets, making them stand out in fine contrast with the dark masses of cypress trees behind; and on the summit of the green hill beyond, the ancient castle, imposing though in ruins, crowned the magnificent picture. We cast anchor amidst ships of all nations, and were glad to hear the speech of our fatherland from amidst the boats that surrounded our vessel.

Early the next morning, we landed and took up our abode at the inn of a Maltese named Salvo, who spoke a little English. After breakfasting, we rambled forth to view the city. We were soon in the Turk bazaar, amidst scenes and objects realizing the pictures drawn in the mind by the eastern tales of our youth. We were in a rudely constructed narrow arcade, barely admitting sufficient light, crowded with people in strange and various costume; each side consisting of small square rooms about a yard higher than the street,

and entirely open at the front. Within each sat a bearded and turbaned shopkeeper, gravely smoking his pipe, seated like a tailor on his board, and surrounded with his little stock. Before we were aware, a long string of camels were at our side nearly touching us; carefully picking their way amongst trays of sweetmeats, which here and there almost obstructed the way. Some bazaars were entirely occupied with drapers' shops, others with pots; further on there was the fig bazaar, and then one filled with miscellaneous traders—grocers, tobacco dealers, &c. All the grocers' shops appeared to be kept by cunning clever-looking Greeks. As we went along the street, we were at once seen to be strangers, and moreover known as Englishmen; for a man came up to us in full eastern costume, having a long flowing dress, and a dark turban, and most politely bid us "good morning." He wished to conduct us round the city, and was at once for installing himself unbidden as our guide and interpreter. When we had with difficulty got quit of this gentleman, one after another came to us as we rambled further, all knowing at a glance that we were Englishmen. Figs and grapes were in great abundance, the former about threepence, and the latter a penny a pound.

On inquiry respecting the steamers, we found to our sorrow that we should have to wait three weeks at Smyrna before the next steamer started for Beyroot.

On Sunday (24th October) we went to the chapel attached to the British consulate, where we heard the truth faithfully preached by Mr. Lewis, the chaplain. We were especially glad to hear from his lips the great truth of the second coming of Christ to introduce his millennial kingdom. This was drinking of the brook by the way, and that in a land where we had looked for no water. There were few present, but we found afterwards that very few of the Smyrna-English population lived in the city. When we came out of the church, Mr. Lowthian introduced himself to Mr. Lewis, who seemed much interested on hearing of our journey. He called on us a few days after this, and seeing we were not very comfortable, he most kindly invited us to stay a short time with him in Bouja—a few miles out of the city, and it was arranged we should return with him on Friday.

On the intervening days, we saw a good deal of Smyrna. The streets, even in the Frank quarter are crooked and narrow. Next to the Turkish, the Italian language is the most spoken, and a large number of the population are of Italian descent. Many of the houses of Europeans are very splendid residences, built in the Italian style, with courtyards in which vines and orange-trees were growing. The Greeks are very numerous in Smyrna, and their coffee-houses abound in some parts. These "*locandas*" were generally well filled with Greeks, drinking, disputing, or playing cards. The Greeks are said to carry long knives concealed in their

garments, and not unfrequently murder is committed at their midnight brawls. The Greek population is said to be not less than from 20,000 to 30,000.

On Friday evening we met Mr. Lewis, and Mr. Lowthian and I being mounted on donkeys, we started with him for Bouja. Many were the turnings we had to make in going through the narrow streets. We soon emerged to the suburbs and passed the famous caravan bridge, which spans the ancient Meles, a small stream, on whose banks Homer is said to have been born. Long trains of camels are continually passing over this, bringing the produce of the interior to Smyrna. Beyond the bridge the road passed between Turkish burial grounds, thickly covered with the dark tall cypress tree; and under their gloomy shade were multitudes of small head stones, covered with Turkish inscriptions, and generally surmounted with a turban neatly chiseled in stone, and often painted. Leaving these the road led through a beautiful narrow valley. In some places the Turk labourers were ploughing, and in others the crop was appearing above the ground. The richness and fertility of the soil is great; one field being shown us where the young corn was a few inches high, which Mr. Lewis said had only been sown at the beginning of the week. As in Syria, the crop is grown in winter and reaped in the spring. On reaching the summit of a hill, we passed under the ruins of an ancient arch, and from thence we

saw the beautiful village of Bouja, partly embosomed in verdure, over which many stately cypresses towered high. We arrived at dusk, having enjoyed our ride and Mr. Lewis's conversation much, and we were most kindly received by Mrs. Lewis. We met at dinner two missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, and spent a pleasant and profitable evening. When we left home we little expected to find the elegancies and refinements of English social life in a village of Asia Minor, and it was pleasing to find in such a spot brethren in Christ, with whom we could have sweet intercourse, and, morning and evening, unite with in drawing near to the throne of grace. Mr Walters, one of the missionaries, said that the Muslim Turks appeared quite inaccessible, not an instance being known of a conversion from among them: the Armenians were more open to the truth, and to them were their future labours to be directed.

On Sabbath morning, at the sound of the "church-going bell," we repaired, with our kind friends, to their neat and commodious chapel. The congregation consisted of about sixty persons. Every thing reminded us of home, and we could scarcely realize that we were so far from it. The singing was delightful, aided by a seraphine on which Miss Lewis played. Mr. Lewis preached—he and Mr. Walters alternately preaching there and at Smyrna—and his sermon was at once spiritual and scriptural.

On Monday we joined a party in riding a few

miles to a place from whence water was being conducted to the village. Inconvenience having been felt for want of water during several previous summers, English enterprise and spirit was aroused, a firman was got from the Sultan at considerable expense, a company was formed, and labourers were then engaged in conducting water, from a never-failing spring, for several miles over a wild uninhabited country. And it was pleasing to hear that the poor of the village, who suffer the most in a drought, will be supplied with this precious fluid in unlimited quantities without charge. Our party consisted of two Mr. Barkers, merchants, and Mr. Williamson, a young gentleman lately from England, besides Mr. Lewis and ourselves. We had a very pleasant ride amidst wild picturesque scenery. A place was shewn us where a bandit chief, only a few years ago, had his retreat: it was at the top of a narrow steep incline, backed by precipitous rocks, where a few armed men could securely withstand the attack of a considerable force. In little more than an hour we arrived at the end of our journey, where a large spring of the purest water was issuing from the rock. The work had only been recently commenced, and a number of men were at work on the spot. The manager was an old Greek; and seeing no instruments near the place, I asked how he managed to find the levels. Mr. Lewis asked him, and we were all surprised to hear that he was making his channel by guessing with the eye. An English engineer would scarely

undertake to conduct water in an open channel for many miles through an irregular undulating country in this manner; but the old man—who was labouring with the rest—had no doubts of his ultimate success. I hope that ere this they are enjoying the fruit of their labours at Bouja. After drinking of the excellent water, we returned another way. In Asia Minor there are no laws of trespass, and we could go where we would. In many respects Englishmen enjoy greater liberty in Turkey than in England. There are no game laws, and, what is better, no taxes to pay.

The country appeared almost uninhabited, and consequently the land is nearly valueless. We heard of some large tracts of country in the interior which had been sold, or were for sale, at about 2½d. per acre. The title by which an European would hold it is certainly not very good, but many of the English of Bouja have ventured to purchase property, which they have all done in the name of their wives.

After a few days stay at Mr. Lewis's we removed to lodgings in the house of a Greek named Jeorge. Our accommodation there was rather after a primitive fashion, but we preferred remaining at Bouja rather than returning to the noise and bustle of Smyrna.

On the following Monday, Mr. Lowthian and I visited the ruins of the ancient castle of Smyrna. In our way we crossed the narrow deep valley of the Meles on the top of one of the old Aqueducts—

which yet conducts a fine stream of water to Smyrna. The top was very narrow, and a single false step might have sent us into the abyss beneath. I think we would not have ventured across, if we had not seen two Greeks, who were gathering mushrooms, cross in safety before us. We found the ruins of the castle very extensive, but not being antiquarians, we were more pleased with the magnificent prospect which there presented itself. Smyrna lay at our feet; beyond was the spacious bay; and on every hand the view was extensive, bounded by distant mountains whose tops mingled with the clouds. In returning by another way, we came to a place called *Paradiso*—from its beauty. Then we came to a new Greek convent; said to be built over the ruins of an ancient church—whose locality had been revealed to a man in a dream!

The day after we bid adieu to our friends at Bouja, and returned to the hotel at Smyrna, to prepare for the voyage to Beyroot. On Thursday afternoon (11th October) we went on board the steamer "Archduke Giovanni," and before evening came on, we were moving rapidly over the smooth waters of the bay, towards our final destination. We were told that this vessel was usually very much crowded with deck passengers—Russian pilgrims, Jews, and Turks; but the steamers from Constantinople having been thrown into quarantine on their arrival at Smyrna, on account of the reported appearance of the cholera at the former place, we had comparatively few deck passengers on board. And

when we saw the dreadful filthiness of some of the few we had, we were glad their number was not greater.

On the morning of the 13th, when we went on deck, we found ourselves anchored in the harbour of Rhodes. The scene was most striking. The harbour was almost encircled with ancient battlements; over the top of which were seen in beautiful combination, palm trees, domes, and minarets, with mountains in the back ground,—all illumined by the fresh rays of the rising sun. Behind us, at the narrow entrance of the harbour, was the place where the famed brazen colossus stood. As the scene was so inviting, and the steamer having to stay a considerable time, we took a boat and went on shore. Entering through a massive gateway, we were at once in the bazaar, many of the shops of which were still closed. We rambled through several streets lined with ancient-looking houses—every thing betokening the high antiquity of the place. We visited also the ancient fortifications and towers, which surrounded the town. Immense stone cannon-balls were lying about, some of them nearly two feet in diameter: and massive pillars were prostrate on the ground. Amidst the decay and ruin around, tokens of the former importance of this stronghold of the Knights of St. John were everywhere apparent. Before going on board, we passed again through the bazaar, and bought some oranges, at an almost nominal price. In the afternoon we were again steaming towards the promised land. The following day was the

Sabbath, during which we were still favoured with delightful weather. At sunset we were sailing "under Cyprus,"[1] and expected to reach Larnaca, on the eastern side of the island, early in the morning.

During this voyage, we were much interested with observing the many varieties of habits, forms of devotion, and languages of our fellow-passengers. Amongst the deck passengers were some Mahometans, who at the appointed hours went through a great number of gesticulations, bowings with the head, and prostrations. Some Sclavonians were equally regular in observing the forms of devotion of the Greek church. In our cabin we had a Greek priest, and a Roman Catholic monk. The former was a fat man, and coming nearly the last on board at Smyrna, had Hobson's choice of some small berths, in which he could scarcely accommodate his large proportions at night: so he slept on the seat in front of the berths, with his feet on the table; and we could hear him groaning and grumbling during the nights at his miserable position. He was a surly ill-bred fellow. The monk was a Frenchman, and was a polite and communicative man. Attached to his hempen girdle was a small ivory skull, in addition to the usual cross. On Friday and Saturday he rigidly fasted, and his countenance lost none of its complacency when he saw the others descending to the well-spread table. A little corpulent Frenchman, however, seemed sorely tried, vainly trying to stifle the thoughts of soup by intense labour at his missal.

1 Acts xxvii. 4.

CHAPTER III.

BEYROOT.—JOURNEY UP LEBANON.—SCRIPTURE NOTICES OF LEBANON.—BEYROOT.

On Tuesday morning, November 16, our voyage terminated, and our feet rested on the promised land. I rose early, about an hour before sunrise, and found we were slowly approaching Beyroot. The dark masses of "goodly Lebanon" rose immediately before us, standing out in strong relief from the gilded eastern sky. When we were anchored opposite Beyroot, and the sun had risen, the beauty and rich verdure of the scene filled us with surprise and pleasure. We had heard much of the barrenness of the land, but here all was beauty and fertility. The view of Beyroot from the sea is most striking. The town rises gradually from the shore, —its ruined fortresses in strange contrast with the new fresh-looking buildings around, and with the busy stir of commerce along its little quay. Around the town, mulberry gardens appeared to occupy all the ground, and amidst them rose neat white stone houses in very great numbers. The whole was surrounded by a range of small heights, thickly wooded, and picturesque.

A little after sunrise we were visited by crowds of boats; and innkeepers and dragomen—speaking almost every European language—rushed on board,

pouncing upon the unfortunate traveller; who here runs the risk of being separated, by some anxious innkeeper, from his companions and his luggage. Mr. Lowthian recognised his old servant Nicolo, who took us to an Arab innkeeper, and we all went together to his hotel— a house about a mile to the west of Beyroot, by the sea shore. Our host, Antonio, spoke English pretty fluently. The character of the people was sadly at variance with the beauty of the country. We found the Arabs emulating each other in endeavouring to cheat us. After breakfast, we walked through the bazaars of Beyroot. They were in some respects like those of Smyrna; but the streets were narrower, and the shopkeepers almost all Arabs. Only few Greeks were to be seen. Some parts of Beyroot are very old, and many principal streets in some places lead under low arches, almost dark. We went to the different packet offices—English, French, and Austrian—expecting to find letters, but were disappointed in our search.

We had partly determined, whilst at Smyrna, to fix our abode, for a time at least, on Lebanon; and had got a letter from Mr. Lewis to the American Missionaries at Beyroot, who have also an establishment at Arbeh, a village on the front of Lebanon, about four or five hours from Beyroot in a South-east direction. We called on Mr. Thompson, at the Mission, and got from him a letter to his brethren in the mountains—where we intended to go the next day. I may here remark,

that we found it rather uncomfortably warm at Beyroot, notwithstanding that it was winter.

Early the next morning we started with horses and guide for Arbeh. The morning was beautiful and clear, and it was delightful to inhale the sea breeze, as we rode along the beach towards Beyroot. After passing through the town, we came to a large open ground outside the walls, and were surprised by seeing great numbers of the Mahometan population—especially women and children—enjoying themselves much in the same way as English children do at a country fair. There were whirligigs and swings going at full speed, in which the youthful followers of the prophet were most complacently seated. On enquiry we found that it was a Mahometan festival, which lasted several days. As we were crossing the square, a camel which was just before us broke loose from its conductor, frightened with the motion of a flying carriage; Mr. Lowthian's horse also commenced rearing and plunging, and I was afraid Mr. L. would have been dismounted. We entered here a narrow lane, leading due south, lined with hedges of the prickly pear. Mulberry trees appeared to occupy all the ground on both sides, and here, as elsewhere, numerous white stone cottages peeped up from among the masses of dark green foliage. Orange trees, laden with their golden fruit, were seen at intervals, and numbers of large vines overhung the road, supported by high trees. The grapes had all been taken long before. Presently

we emerged into a plain of sand, in which a great number of pines were growing. This plain, only a few years ago, was almost covered with fine old trees; but only a few of these are left, which testify, by their size and height, to the quality and depth of the soil.

We then turned our faces more to the eastward, and began to ascend a little, through a large olive grove, which is said to extend for seven miles along the foot of Lebanon. As we got higher, the roads became worse, and in many places I dismounted, not venturing to ride over them. The roads all over Lebanon are dreadful. Mr. Lowthian said that they were far worse than the road betwixt Jaffa and Jerusalem, of which he has given an account in his work.

We were surprised at the number of villages seen on every hand as we rose higher up the sides of Lebanon; and we frequently passed road-side khans or cafés. The mountain sides were generally very steep and very stony, and terraced to the summit. In some few places there were small plots of ground sufficiently level for the growth of grain, and we saw several mountaineers guiding their primitive ploughs. On the terraces, the vine and other fruits, and mulberry trees, seemed to thrive. At one place a shepherd was leading a flock of sheep, and playing on a shepherd's pipe. Though we had often read descriptions of this eastern custom, yet the first sight of this beautiful illustration of our Saviour's Parable[1] was at once touching and

1 John x.

pleasing. A village was shewn us, to our left, where a fellow-countryman, Mr. Scott, had established works for spinning silk. As we ascended higher and higher our view kept extending, and the blue sea appeared to *rise* in the far distant horizon, there to meet and mingle as one with the cloudless sky. The air was most transparent, and much cooler than on the plain. Our horses were very poor ones and we made little progress. We rested for some time at a road-side khan, and were cheated in trying to buy some grain, to give our horses a feed in the middle of their journey—contrary to all use and custom in the east. Broken straw mixed with barley is the universal food of horses and mules, and the poor donkeys generally have only straw given them.

The afternoon was far advanced when we got to Arbeh, which we found to be a populous village. We went immediately to the American Mission premises, where we were kindly received and entertained. Mr. Whiting, the senior missionary, was at Beyroot; and we found that we had met him, without knowing him. Mrs. Whiting gave us many interesting particulars respecting the mission. Mr. and Mrs. W. were formerly stationed at Jerusalem, and were there for many years when no other Protestant missionary was at that city. Associated with Mr. W. at Arbeh is Dr. Vandyke, a physician, whom we found in a feeble state of health. We were told that he was proficient in the Arabic language—in the vulgar Arabic of the fellah—

—in the more polished Arabic of the merchant—and in the classical Arabic of the learned. We could not but admire his unpretending and gentlemanly manners, his piety, and his extensive learning and information. During the evening several of the villagers met us at Dr. V's house, whom we asked, through the Dr., if there was a place to let such as we wanted. The answers were all unsatisfactory. Dr. Vandyke mentioned several other villages which he thought would suit us; especially Behoura—a few hours distant to the north—which belonged to Colonel Churchill, an English gentleman: who was making great improvements; and who they thought would be glad to have European residents in his village.

Next morning we took leave of our kind friends and began to descend towards Beyroot. Both as we went and returned, we were struck with the fertility of Lebanon, notwithstanding the general steepness of the ground. The soil seemed rich, of a reddish colour, and of a loose, friable nature. The promised fertility of Lebanon is even now partially fulfilled. The mountains are beginning to "drop down new wine"[1] and to give tokens of the approach of that time when "Lebanon shall be turned into a fruitful field."[2]

It is remarkable how full scripture is of allusions to Lebanon, although Israel possessed but a small part of it. It was included in the wide and good land

1 Joel iii. 18.—"The wine of Lebanon" *(nabeed jebel)* is highly esteemed, and is abundant and cheap.

2 Isa. xxix. 17.

promised to Abraham and his seed, and Israel's not possessing it did not lessen its scriptural importance. In Deut. iii. 25 we are told that Moses, a little before his death, longed to go over and see the good land west of the Jordan; also "that goodly mountain" (probably Mount Sion or Hermon) and Lebanon, which lay northward. In the following chapter we see the principal mountain of the Lebanon range identified with Sion—"Mount Sion which is Hermon"[1] The cedars of Lebanon were the trees chosen for the building of the temple. In beautiful figurative language, Lebanon and Sirion (Mount Hermon) are represented as skipping like a young unicorn in the universal rejoicing of Immanuel's land at the return of its king to reign;[2] and under his dominion we read that "there shall be a handful of corn in the earth on the top of the mountains,—the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon:"[3] and then all nations shall call him blessed.

Mount Hermon, in Lebanon, is also referred to in the 68th Psalm as the "Hill of Bashan"[4]—

> "The hill of God—the hill of Bashan,
> An high hill—the hill of Bashan.
> Why leap ye, ye high hills,
> The hill God desireth to dwell in.
> Yea the Lord will dwell [in it] for ever."—Ps. lxviii. 15, 16.

By reference to this Psalm, it will be seen that this shall be fulfilled at the time when the Lord shall "arise" and "scatter his enemies"—when

1 Deut. iv. 48. 2 Ps. xxix. 6. 3 Ps. lxxii. 16. 4 See Deut. iii. and iv.

He to whom belongs the Kingdom, shall take unto himself his great power and reign: and then, as we have seen, Lebanon is to be, in an especial manner, the seat of power and blessing. *Then* Tabor and HERMON shall rejoice in the name of the Lord:[1] and then shall his people as brethren dwell together in unity;[2] and the blessedness of such a state is compared (verse 3) to "the dew of Hermon that descended upon the mountains of Sion, for THERE the Lord commanded the blessing—life for evermore." This psalm, it will be perceived, also identifies the Sion of prophecy with Mount Hermon, and indicates it as the place of future blessing. In Canticles we have the same truth opened out,—*the bridegroom abiding in the top of Lebanon* and inviting his spouse to go with him from the top of Shenir[3] and Hermon.[4]

The "smell of Lebanon," the "streams from Lebanon," and the "cedars of Lebanon," were so famed through Israel that they served to illustrate what was enduring and beautiful. Returning Israel, it is written, will "cast forth his roots as Lebanon," and his smell is to be as Lebanon. The "glory of Lebanon" is also twice referred to by the prophet Isaiah. In the restoration, Lebanon is to become as a fruitful field;[5] and all the glory of its fruitfulness is to come, saith the Lord, "to beautify the place of my sanctuary,"[6] which is to be called "the city of the Lord,"

1 Ps. lxxxix. 12. 2 Ps. cxxxiii. 3 Deut. iii. 9. 4 Cant. iv. 8.

5 Isaiah xxix. 17. 6 Isaiah lx. 13.

the Zion of the Holy One of Israel"—(verse 14). Bearing all this in mind, there can be little doubt that Lebanon and Mount Hermon are referred to in the 2nd chapter of Isaiah,—"And it shall come to pass in the last days that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow into it. And many people shall go and say, Come ye and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord."

In the lamentation of Ezekiel upon the king of Tyre (who ruled over Lebanon), there is some most remarkable language used, which, in connexion with what we have already adduced, should lead us, in the light of Scripture, to regard with more interest this portion of the promised land. The king of Tyre is said to have "*been upon the holy mountain of God,*" and to have been "in Eden the garden of God;" he being "the appointed cherub that covereth" (the one appointed to possess at that time this favoured spot).—See Ez. xxviii. 11-16. It is distinctly stated[1] that returning Israel shall be brought into the Land of Gilead and Lebanon. "For in mine holy mountain, in the mountain of the height of Israel, saith the LORD GOD, there shall all the house of Israel, all of them in the Land, serve me"—(Ezek. xx. 40,—see also 3 following verses). And whilst Israel is being blessed in the North of the Land, we may expect that judgment will be inflicted in the South; for in the verses following the last quoted,[2] the Prophet is directed to set his

1 Zech. x. 10. 2 Ezekiel xx. 45.

"face towards the south and prophecy against the forest of the south field," which is to be burned with fire, and "all faces from the north to the south shall be burned therein."[1]

When we were at Arbeh, we were not far from the Lebanon residence of Lady Hester Stanhope, whose eccentricities have been the theme of so many writers. On the occasion of her death an account was published in the newspapers—which subsequent travellers in Syria have generally repeated—of her body having been found in the house, forsaken by all her attendants; who, it was said, had carried every thing away with the exception of the ornaments from her person. So far was this from being the case, that when Mr. Moore, the British consul, rode up from Beyroot on hearing of her illness, and found that she was dead, all the servants were still in the house, and her valuables, with the whole of her property, safe. It is difficult to account for the origin of the misstatements so long current, but they are entirely without foundation.

As we were returning we travelled by another track, and passed through Shimlah, where Mr. Scott has his silk establishment. We found Mr. Scott an intelligent gentleman, and enjoyed an interesting conversation with him and his accomplished lady. He told us that the Maronite convents had got hold of a great part of the land in Lebanon; and a large proportion of the population were thus brought directly under the influence of the priests.

1 Ez. xx. 47, 48

These convents are peopled by Arab priests, of the Maronite church, who are very much looked down upon by the Latin fathers of the convents in the south of the land. Mr. Scott confirmed what we had heard at Arbeh respecting the scarcity of water during several previous summers in Lebanon, many disputes among the people having been occasioned by this scarcity. Mr. Scott's was the third house in Lebanon in which we had found the refinements and luxuries of English social life; and when we left England, we had not any idea of seeing these things in such a place. The whole population of Lebanon is a settled one, and far superior in many respects to the inhabitants of any other district in Syria. We felt ourselves quite safe among them. Druses and Maronites form the chief part of the population. The latter constitute a corrupt eastern church, now in connection with Rome, and the former are a mysterious sect of Mahometans. Many of the poor Druse women wore the long silver horn projecting from their foreheads—from which their white vails were hung. From Mr. Scott's house the view was splendid. The lower heights of Lebanon were in the foreground—dotted over with villages and convents. In the distance were the plain along the coast, the town and harbour of Beyroot, and the wide spreading deep blue ocean.

Every thing around us on our journey was new and interesting. The manners and dress of the people, the mode of agriculture, the appearance

of the country—all were so different from our European experiences, that we felt we were indeed far from home. The salutations on friends meeting were curious. On ordinary occasions, the right hand was pressed to the heart as the words of salutation were uttered, and particular friends embraced and kissed each other—just as we read of the patriarchs doing, in this same country, four thousand years ago. It always struck me that they went through their compliments with a great increase of mock solemnity if a European was looking on.

It was late in the evening when we arrived at our Inn, sorely wearied with our two days' ride up and down the steep rocky paths of Lebanon. We then began to think of spending the winter at Beyroot. It appeared a delightful place of abode, and surrounded with agreeable walks in almost every direction. In the town we could at all times purchase articles of European luxury and convenience, as well as the varied productions of the East; and by living outside the town, in the mulberry gardens, we should at the same time enjoy the advantages of pure air, and an agreeable situation.

In the course of a few days we succeeded in hiring a house on the east side of Beyroot, in a small mulberry garden. The house belonged to a well known dragoman—Michael Hainey, who was a good specimen of his class—clever and ready, but without education. Though unable to write,

he could speak about half a dozen languages, his English being tolerably good. We were very pleasantly situated, about twenty yards from the edge of a high precipice, at the foot of which the long swell of the Mediterranean unceasingly broke. The house fronted northward, towards the sea, and our prospect, as we sat in the house, was splendid; embracing the range of mighty Lebanon, which extended parallel to the coast as far as the eye could reach. From the house-top our view was still more extended and beautiful. Looking west and south, the town and its far-extending suburbs, mingled with the rich foliage of the mulberry trees, lay before us; and eastward the majestic range of Lebanon reared its many heads, some of them capped with glistening snow.

We took an early opportunity of calling on Mr. Moore, the [redacted] consul; who introduced us to Colonel Rose, the consul general. We were much pleased by the kind and courteous behaviour of both. When conversing with them on the land, they spoke in high terms of the natural fertility of the soil.

On the first Sabbath after our arrival, we attended the English service, which was held every Sunday morning, at the American Mission house. There was a larger congregation present than might have been expected, including a number of the native population—some of whom were conversant with our language. The preacher was Mr. Bentham, a young missionary who had just arrived from

America, and was about to proceed to Aleppo. Besides the English service at the American Mission house, there is also another, held at the same time every Sunday, at the house of Mr. Winbolt, an English clergyman, who is the agent at Beyroot of the London Jews' Society; and also, I believe, of the Bible Society. When we arrived in Beyroot he was absent in Lebanon, but after the lapse of a few Sundays he returned, and resumed his services. We usually attended them during our stay at Beyroot, and met there almost all the English residents: altogether perhaps a dozen families. With Mr. Winbolt we afterwards had much agreeable intercourse. The number of Jews at Beyroot is not very great, probably under 200. They are not like the poor hungered Jerusalem Jews, who are mostly from Germany and Poland, but are Eastern Jews, engaged in business. Mr. Winbolt, like most other missionaries to the Jews, preaches the second coming of Christ to reign with his saints in his millennial kingdom. If a missionary were to go among the Jews, and explain away and spiritualize—like so many of our ministers at home—all the predictions of the Old Testament on this subject, his labours would certainly be in vain. He would undermine the only ground on which he could prove the Messiah's humiliation—that he must needs "have suffered these things" which our Saviour suffered before he "entered into his glory."

Having got comfortably settled, we had leisure to look about us. We were living among the

native population, and were daily extending our acquaintance with their manners and customs, and, at the same time, acquiring a few words of their language. Our immediate neighbours were nearly all Maronite, with a few Greek christians. We were rather annoyed at the assurance with which they would gratify their curiosity, in paying us more visits than we liked—and by the women often watching us at our meals through the open windows. The apartment in which we lived was a very high one, with six windows—without glass, and four small latticed apertures. Occasionally we visited our neighbours in their houses; when I generally conformed to their custom, in taking off my shoes on entering the house, and also in their manner of sitting—like tailors—on the floor. On the occasion of formal visits, a long pipe, or a "hubble-bubble,"[1] is offered, and soon after a diminutive cup of coffee, very strong and without milk, and sometimes even without sugar, is handed to each guest. Our endeavours to converse with them were very amusing, and our failure occasioned many a laugh. Sometimes one of the company would break out into a horrible continuous screech, which they consider as very good singing. It was always amusing to see them go through the long round of formal salutations on the entrance of a visitor. The entertainer would suddenly assume the gravity of a judge, and, putting his hand on his heart, would bid the new-comer *welcome*—"*ahlan wassahlan.*"

1 In these the smoke passes through the water.

Then followed the "good morning," or "good evening," mutual enquiries after health, and compliments, in which the name of God was frequently introduced; and the whole concluded with "*tefoddel*"—"*do me the favour*" by which the visitor was invited to seat himself amongst the others.

Their mode of living is extremely simple. In the morning a pipe of tobacco serves for breakfast, with sometimes a cup of coffee to it; though very many never indulge in the luxury of taking a breakfast at all. About noon a little bread and cheese, eaten with onions, or radishes, or some fruit, serves for a lunch. Their principal meal is taken in the evening, a little after sunset. For this considerable preparation is often made during the afternoon. When all is ready, a small round table, nine or ten inches high, is taken down from the wall, and spread with the dishes. We were often enjoying the evening air in the garden when our neighbours dined, and Yusuf would sometimes invite us to sit down with him, though we always declined. The family sat round the table on the ground, and as they used neither knives, forks, nor plates, each one dipped the fingers in the various dishes which covered the table. The principal dish was generally *pilau*; which is made of rice boiled with meat, or simply boiled in water until soft, and then fried in oil or Arab butter—which latter is always rancid. Besides pilau, there were the round thin cakes of bread, a little goat cheese, sometimes a broiled fish, and onions or other salad-

ing; and a neighbour called Ibrahim, who sold wine, supplied Yusuf with a bottle of the "wine of Lebanon" to wash down the dinner. In eating, one would take a little pilau with his fingers out of the dish, then perhaps tear off a piece of bread; and bite a little from an immense radish, or a green onion; occasionally taking up a few crumbs of the cheese: then he would again thrust his fingers into the pilau dish,—and so on. When the meal was over, the hands of each were cleansed by water being poured over them at the door. After dinner, a small cup of coffee was usually taken, and then the men generally smoked until they retired to rest—which they did about eight o'clock.

CHAPTER IV.

LEAVE BEYROOT FOR JERUSALEM.—VOYAGE ALONG THE COASTS OF TYRE AND SIDON.—LAND AT ACRE.—MOUNT CARMEL.—NAZARETH.

After being upwards of two months at Beyroot with Mr. Lowthian, I determined on visiting Jerusalem and other places of Scripture interest—alone, as Mr. Lowthian did not wish to visit Jerusalem a second time. Some of our friends thought the journey hazardous; many parts of the country north of Jerusalem, where I purposed going, being very unsafe, several parties having been plundered only a short time previously. However, on Friday, January 21, I went on board a small Arab vessel, bound for Jaffa. A very considerable coasting trade is carried on between Beyroot and Jaffa, and the decks of the vessels are often crowded with passengers. I was the first on board, and before we started, the deck was well filled without being crowded. It was about eight o'clock in the evening when we got off, and quite dark. A fine north wind which had been blowing had then almost ceased, and we moved very sluggishly along all the night. I could not sleep at all, it was so bitterly cold, with a heavy drenching dew, and I found, when too late, that I was very unsuitably provided for being exposed on deck, through the cold nights

of a Syrian winter. My fellow-passengers seemed all very comfortable, being quite covered up during the night with very thick woollen cloaks.

When the morning came, after nearly thirteen long and dreary hours of darkness, I had a full view of the motley group seated on the deck. Many were diligent at their devotions as the sun rose. Some were pilgrims of the Greek Church going to Jerusalem; but the largest proportion were Arabs, going no farther than Jaffa, amongst whom was a woman, the only female on board. Seated on a handsome rug, near the stern, was a Turkish dignitary, going to Jerusalem, to assume some important office there; attended by a few Turk soldiers. Like the Turks generally, he had a heavy immoveable countenance, lacking at once the liveliness and badness of the Arab expression. His mustachoes were very fine, with long points turned upwards, and almost reaching to his eyes; and with such qualifications, the wonder was that he was not sent as Pasha. Indeed I understood some of the Arabs on deck to say that he was actually the Pasha of Jerusalem, and it was not until I arrived there that I found such was not the case. He was the chief officer of police, and probably the next in rank to the Pasha. Besides myself there were only two Franks on board—one of them an Italian from Rome, who afterwards accompanied me in some of my ramblings.

During Saturday we were sailing along the

"coasts of Tyre and Sidon,"[1] the latter city being opposite to us in the morning. A narrow plain extended along the coast, which appeared fertile, and tolerably cultivated. Beyond this a range of low hills, extending southward from Lebanon, ran parallel to the shore, and bounded the view in that direction. The plain and the slopes of the hills were dotted with small villages, which had a pleasing effect. As the morning advanced the wind died quite away, and the vessel was lying like a log upon the waters. In the afternoon the wind freshened a little, and we arrived in sight of Tyre just before night set in. The shadows of evening were settling on its walls and towers, obscuring its fallen state, and it was not then difficult to imagine it as once more the "crowning city, whose merchants are princes."[2] I almost wished that a contrary wind would arise, and oblige us to anchor there, to afford me an opportunity of viewing the town. However we struggled on, with little wind, past the frightful cliffs of the "White Promontory"—so different in appearance from that of any other part of the coast. Their whiteness rendered them visible during the night.

On Sunday morning (Jan. 23) we were becalmed off Zib,[3] a small picturesque village by the sea shore. A gently-rising knoll sprinkled over with flat-roofed houses, above which rose several palm trees and the high dome of a mosque; with a fine beach in

1 Matthew xv. 21. 2 Isaiah xxiii. 8.

3 Said to be the ancient Achzib, a city of Asher.—Josh. xix. 29.

front, and surrounded on the other sides by a verdant plain—formed a picture of great beauty, and realized my previous ideas of an Eastern scene. But the stillness of death seemed to hang over it, and scarcely a person was seen near. I thought at the time how little I should like travelling through such a village alone; and it strangely happened that of all the places which I afterwards visited, Zib was the only one in which I was entirely alone amongst the Arabs. Our captain, Ibrahim, sent a boat on shore here, for a fresh supply of water.

As the evening approached we were opposite the city and bay of Acre (pronounced by the natives *Akka*) of which and Mount Carmel we had a fine view. A strong south-west wind then arose, and having to tack we made little way. When the wind increased, I asked the captain to take shelter at Hhaifa, a small walled town on the south of the bay, but he was for continuing the voyage. Darkness came on as we got past the promontory of Carmel, and the wind had then increased to a storm. The ship's head was quickly turned about, and we flew before the gale towards land. The danger was imminent, as the night was pitchy dark, and if we missed the little port of Akka, our vessel would soon have gone to pieces on the beach. Whilst the captain held the ship to its course, nearly all the sailors were straining their eyes to discover the port. Their remarkably keen vision soon descried the walls of the city, and we ran safely

through a narrow entrance of the harbour, which is surrounded by the ruins of an ancient mole. But the waves were nearly as rough there as without, and they had some difficulty in making the vessel secure, for the gale had become tremendous. Cables were taken out and secured to every available point. We asked if we could land, and found we could not, as the city gates were closed for the night. Our situation was then most unenviable. The ship pitched dreadfully, the night was very cold and dark, and, worse than all, torrents of rain began to pour down. We were doubled up Arab fashion; one or two more, besides myself, creeping under my umbrella. How anxiously did we wish for the morning, and watch for the first gleam of light! A little after sunrise the gate which admits from the port was opened, and the captain landed us all in his boat, except one poor fellow—a nondescript looking person—whom he kept on board lest he should lose his fare. We were carried on men's shoulders through the raging surf, which foamed against the city walls, and rushed backwards and forwards through the open gateway. The captain informed the Italian and me that there was a Latin convent (dayr-el-Franjee) in Acre, and to it we repaired, and *there abode*.

For several days there was no abatement of the storm, and we were glad to remain beneath the roof of the convent. And though the rules of the house were that travellers should only stay three days, the president permitted us to stay until

Saturday morning, two days beyond the time, as the weather prevented us pursuing our journey.

Acre is only twice mentioned in the Bible. We read that the tribe of Asher failed to "drive out the inhabitants of Accho,"[1] after that city had been given to it. Its history since then has been a most eventful one. Ptolemy of Egypt having contributed to its splendour and importance, it was named after him, and in the Acts we read that Paul and his companions "came to Ptolemais, and saluted the brethren, and abode with them one day."[2] Since then, whilst that devoted land has been the battle-field of nations, Acre has ever been the chief seat of war. During the crusades it was successfully besieged by the Christian army under our own Richard I.; and, in later times, the unsuccessful siege of the city by Napoleon in 1799, the long siege and the taking of it by the Egyptian army in 1832, and the bombarding of the town by the English fleet in 1840, when much of it was laid in ruins by a terrible explosion, have contributed to increase the fame of this singular place.

When the weather permitted, we rambled about the city. The fortifications appeared exceedingly strong, and as if they had recently been thoroughly repaired. The city was crowded with Turkish soldiers, and the cannon which we saw were very large. Some of the houses seemed to have suffered very much from the various seiges of the city, and a

1 Judges i. 31. 2 Acts xxi. 7.

large and splendid mosque was much defaced.[1] The whole interior of the city has a mean and dilapidated appearance, but in the numerous fragments of pillars lying about, we saw evidences of its former splendour. The bazaars seemed well supplied with goods, and those of native production were even cheaper than at Beyroot.[2] The first time that we went into the bazaar, a little after we landed, an Arab who was sitting in his shop knew me, I suppose from my physignomy, to be an Englishman, and made all his neighbours as wise as himself. A considerable business was going on in one part of the city, but there were several large bazaars almost deserted. Probably the place was much more populous at the time they were built than it is at present. The population may now be five or six thousand, including a large number of Greeks. The convent in which we were lodged was in the corner of an immense Khan—now principally occupied as barracks. The buildings enclosed a large open square, in the centre of which stood a fountain and reservoir.

Almost every day during the week we contrived

1 Mr. Jowett obtained permission to visit this mosque—built by Djezzar, the notorious Pasha of Acre, who maintained the siege against Bonaparte. He says, "On entering its precincts we were required to take off our outer shoes. We entered a beautiful court, the pavement of which was cold marble: fountains played their streams, and the trees waved their branches with a softness and coolness, forming a perfect contrast to the noise, filthiness, and meanness of the streets we had just left. The dome above (the mosque) is surrounded by circular galleries, similar, though in merest miniature to the whispering gallery at St. Paul's Cathedral. The effects of the late seige are sufficiently visible in different parts of this building, the cannon balls having sometimes fallen on a window, and dashed it in pieces; at other times a column of cloisters has been carried away; in other spots the balls have either disfigured the walls by a bruise, or else gone clean through the more flimsy parts of the structure."

2 Excellent wheaten bread and figs were little more than a halfpenny a pound.

to see the captain, to hear his opinion of the weather, and to ask him when he intended to start for Jaffa. On Friday the storm had well nigh expended itself, but he would have it that the weather was very bad, and that he could not venture to sea. The fact was, he had disposed of part of his cargo, and was waiting to receive more: and he demanded our passage-money, leaving us to proceed in the best way we could.

On Saturday morning, the 29th, after having with an immensity of trouble and bargaining engaged a couple of donkeys, we set out for Mount Carmel, on the opposite side of the bay of Acre. As we rode on the smooth beach, the noble range of Carmel was in full view; on our left was the memorable plain of Acre, bounded by the finely grouped mountains of Galilee; and on the other side the boundless sea rolled up its surging waters to our very feet. With such objects of interest and beauty around us, our ride was indeed pleasant, and we enjoyed it exceedingly after our long detention within the walls of Acre. Very soon after we left the city, we had to cross a small river, swelled beyond its usual size by the rains; and near it we saw a number of people from Acre, looking for shell-fish which the storm had thrown up. When we had almost made the circuit of this splendid bay, we came to where the river Mukutta empties itself into the sea. This is mentioned in the Old Testament—in the song of Deborah—as "that ancient river, the river Kishon." It was very

much swollen with the rain, and was both deep and rapid; and our muleteer would not let his animals venture into it. Accordingly we dismounted, and sat down by the river, not knowing what to do. Presently a few loaded camels came up, and crossed with ease. We might have been carried across on these camels, but we had not finished disputing and arranging with our muleteer, as to what we should pay him for the portion of the journey we had come. We were much assisted in this by a well-dressed Arab, who had crossed the river on his horse, and who very kindly waited about half an hour until he had seen us safe over. Whilst this was going on we amused ourselves with watching numbers of people cross the river. The ford was where the river and the sea meet, and once the high waves which rolled in completely hid a donkey which was crossing. A poor old man, with an old woman clinging to him, crossed safely on foot, with the water occasionally up to their necks; but some younger men, more strong and more gallant, carried their wives across on their shoulders. I saw how literally we may understand the Scripture account of this river sweeping away the discomfitted hosts of Sisera. At length I and my companion were mounted on the shoulders of two Arabs, and we got safely across, though with our clothes soaked with water: and having then engaged another donkey, we pursued our journey through the little dirty town of Hhaifa, and from thence along a very good road up the sides of Carmel, to

the monastery on its western summit, where we were most hospitably received and entertained. Just after crossing the Mukutta, an Arab of a most unprepossessing countenance, and carrying a long gun, joined us, and accompanied us all the way to the monastery, following us into the room where we were sitting. When asked what he wanted, he demanded *bucksheesh*—I suppose he would say for defending and guarding us; but when we explained the nature of his services, he was quickly ordered out, and went away with a most rueful countenance. After we had lunched, the attendant showed us round the building. The galleries were spacious and long, and the walls were profusely hung with framed engravings, representing distinguished popes and ecclesiastics, canonized saints, and views of Italian churches. We were taken also to the roof of the building, and the view from thence was most magnificent; and the atmosphere was so pure that even the most distant parts of the extensive prospect were seen with amazing distinctness. Before us was the large expanse of the dark blue ocean, large because seen from so great a height—the plain of Acre, through which the "Kishon" is seen pursuing a winding course—and the fine swelling mountains of Galilee, beyond which rose the "majestic Hermon," covered with glistening snow.

The monastery is beautifully situate on the western declivity of Carmel, near where the range terminates in an abrupt precipice of 600 or 700 feet high. I imagined that to dwell there,

enjoying the bracing atmosphere, the purity of the air, and the beauty of the place, apart from and above the noise and contention of the world, would almost realize the dreaming conceptions of a *happy state*. I grieved to think that so fair a spot should be the abode of dark and gloomy superstition.

On the next morning (Sunday) I ascended, before sunrise, the higher summits of Carmel, to the east of the convent. The mountain was covered with a rich carpet of grass, and was almost all overrun with thorns and briars, and a stunted species of oak. The air was quite perfumed with the scent of fragrant herbs growing around. I followed, for a considerable distance, a fine cleared broad path—made on purpose for the fathers to walk on. Instead of the "flocks" of Carmel, I only saw one miserable donkey. There appeared to be no habitations on Carmel except the convent, and a small cottage adjoining: and as I ranged far from these, the awful solitude of the scene powerfully impressed me. When the sun had risen, I rested beneath the shade of a bush, gazing upon the prospect before me,—where events of such vast interest had transpired, and where future blessing will assuredly descend. The place where I was sitting might be the spot where Elijah assembled the people of Israel, and where they, at the sight of the miraculous burning of his sacrifice, fell on their faces and said, "the Lord he is the God, the Lord he is the God." When I returned from my walk, the morning service was being performed in the church—which occupies

the centre of the building, and is lighted from the sides of a beautiful dome, of great height. The interior was richly ornamented, evidently at great expense; and a fine organ was then being played. Under the altar, a place was shewn us as the exact spot where some occurrence took place, but I did not enter it, being very unbelieving in monkish traditions. I walked over many parts of Carmel during the day, and found it every where in the state already described. In one place there appeared to be the remains of an ancient wall, which had once enclosed the western declivity of the Carmel range.

Early on Monday morning, we bid adieu to this charming residence—not however until we had partaken of an excellent breakfast, and started for Nazareth. We were a company of three, a Prussian hussar having joined us; who, though wanting even an ordinary degree of courage, would, I thought, almost frighten any evil-disposed Arabs by his fierce-looking bearded visage. We lost some valuable time parleying about the hire of some donkeys as we passed through Hhaifa, and, after all, started on foot. The morning was far advanced when we got fairly on our journey across the plain of Acre. Our route for several hours was along the southern edge of the plain, at the foot of Carmel. From the heavy rains which had fallen, many parts of the plain were standing with water, and we were often walking ancle-deep in the mud. Very little of the plain was cultivated,

though the soil appeared to be exceedingly rich. There were neither fences nor trees, nor anything to relieve the monotonous uniformity of the plain. The entire country which we passed through after leaving Hhaifa seemed almost without inhabitant, and we met very few travellers on the road. We passed one or two very small villages, each consisting of a few miserable houses. At the eastern extremity of the range of Carmel, we turned off a little across the narrow arm of the plain which separates Carmel from the mountains of Galilee—which were now immediately before us. We there came suddenly upon the Kishon, which, though not very wide, appeared to be deep. Our bold Prussian ventured across first, when the deepest part was found to be about four feet in depth: though we could see by the banks that it had been twice as high during the storm. A mounted Arab came up to us whilst the Italian and I were still on the wrong side of the river, and we got him, for a small present, to carry us over on his horse, one at a time, behind him. The Italian had then become exceedingly tired, and we had to walk very slowly on his account; and we began to fear lest we should not reach Nazareth that night.

After we had crossed the river, our road led us through a beautiful country, of quite an opposite character to what we had been travelling over before. We were passing over a succession of finely rounded low hills, with large spreading trees growing here and there, and a carpet of verdure

covering the ground—the soil appearing not to have been disturbed for ages. The whole had a fine park-like appearance, though many of the trees were leafless at that season. There were great numbers of Syrian partridges there—a very fine bird, of which I have seen very few at any other place. We had suffered a little from the heat all the day, but as evening approached, the air became unpleasantly cold. We were then traversing some small plains, tolerably well cultivated, in which were one or two villages. We passed through one of these, which was surrounded with walls apparently composed of mud. The interior of the village was very dirty, and we had a good deal of unpleasant poking about amongst the miserable hovels, before we could find our way through; and almost at every turn we had to ask the way of the Arab villagers, whose sinister aspect and short answers were anything but encouraging. Every one who saw us appeared almost to manifest some surprise at our appearance there, and at such a late hour in the evening.[1] We were on a road on which very few Europeans are ever seen, and when they are, it is generally in a large well-armed party, with all the accompaniments of guides, tents, muleteers, and horses: whilst we were unarmed, and in humble guise.

As we advanced, we began to feel a little alarm at our situation. Night was coming on, the dis-

1 Arabs very seldom manifest surprise or wonder at anything—their pride preventing them shewing it.

trict we were in was unsafe and almost deserted, and the Arabs we occasionally met told us that we were several hours' distance from Nazareth. The Italian became thoroughly exhausted, and threw himself on the ground, saying he could go no further. The night was bitterly cold; and the Prussian and I, not being disposed to remain out all night, proposed to leave our companion, until we could bring a horse or ass from some village to his assistance. But the idea of being left alone so frightened him, that he summoned up all his remaining strength, and crawled along after us. I pitied him much, and offered to help him along, but, weak and exhausted as he was, he was too proud to accept my offer. Presently we met two mounted Arabs, and the Prussian, in a doleful tone, asked them where we could sleep. They answered very civilly, and pointed in the direction we were to go. It was then quite dark, and we could scarcely keep in the beaten path: after about half an hour we were stumbling up a rugged hill, to a village on the top. It was no time to stand on ceremonies, and we at once pushed amongst the houses. The Prussian was dreadfully frightened, and asked at several of the doors, in a most piteous tone, where we could sleep. One man told us, I suppose, where to go, but of course we could not understand a word he said. Another, less polite, told us to *go (roohh)*; but a third kindly came out of his house, and took us to the place. What would our friends at home have thought, could they have

seen us wandering in the dark through this strange Arab village, fearful of the half-wild dogs, or of a sudden attack from still less tame Arabs,—every now and then looking in at the low entrance of a house, filled with smoke, and dimly lighted with a little burning wood. The house we were taken to was almost filled with Arabs, sitting in a circle round a rather large wood fire in the centre of the room. Many of them were smoking, and all had that solemnity of face and manner so peculiar to their nation. They cordially welcomed us, a space on the ground was cleared, a mat was spread on it, and we were invited to sit down in their circle. We were not a little pleased to find ourselves so comfortably seated, and they appeared equally pleased at our unexpected arrival amongst them, as if we had relieved the tedium of their long winter evening. There were about twenty persons present, most of whom appeared to belong to the village, and one of them, evidently superior to the rest, was probably the chief of the place. Our appetites by this time had become well sharpened, and some of them—probably the chief—had, with a courteous appreciation of our wants, sent to their homes to order the preparation of some food; for the khan keeper had not even bread for us. In a short time two large dishes of pilau—made of rice and other kinds of grain, cooked with oil or their abominable butter—were set before us. Notwithstanding our hunger, we hesitated plunging our fingers into the dishes, and our Arab friends

perceiving this, with kind consideration sent some young men, who were idling about the door, to seek for spoons through the village; and as they took some time in bringing them, it was evident that considerable research had to be made. Three wooden spoons were at length brought, and we did ample justice to the dishes so liberally provided for us. We never knew to which of the company we were indebted for them. They all appeared gratified in looking at us, and were amazingly pleased when our Prussian took a sword down from the wall, and went through his sword exercise; and when he sung them some German martial songs, their eyes glistened with delight. After we had finished our repast, coffee was served round, and then the men began to retire to their own houses: but just before they went, a Muslim Arab, who was apparently like ourselves a traveller sojourning for the night, stood up, and commenced his devotions in a loud singing tone, going through the strange bowings and prostrations of the Mahometan formulary; the others neither joining, nor appearing even to notice him. When he had finished, he lay down to sleep on the floor, covering himself entirely with his camel's hair cloak. We also then lay down to rest, but it was so exceedingly cold that I found it impossible to sleep: and having been exposed to the hot sun all the day, we felt the cold more than we othewise should have done. There was an unusually wide doorway to the house, and it was unfortunately without a door, and the cold

wind, which was also very strong, blew right at us. I sat by the fire a great part of the night, keeping it alive by heaping wood upon it. The sight of the sleeping figures around me, illumined by the flickering rays of the fire, was indeed a curious one. I was truly glad when the long dreary night was over: and whilst it was yet twilight, we were all preparing for our departure. Our host, who was a Greek, would take nothing from us, and we set out for Nazareth amidst a profusion of compliments.

Our path led us through a wild and rocky district, over the mountains of Galilee. There, around the scenes of our Saviour's ministry and rejection, the full weight of the curse has fallen. He came unto his own and his own received him not. In rejecting and crucifying the Messiah, the treacherous Jews filled up the measure of their fathers' iniquities: and upon this land, which was once the glory of all lands, and of whose ancient fertility and beauty every testimony abounds, have been exactly accomplished all the prophecies which speak of its desolation. As it is written, the land is desolate and its cities waste;[1] the land is enjoying its Sabbaths;[2] and briers and thorns have come up upon it.[3] After walking about two hours through this dreary country, we arrived in sight of Nazareth, lying beneath us embosomed in a sequestered valley. I felt myself privileged to behold such a spot, where He who became an infant of days, dwelt for

1 Jer. v. 7. 2 Lev. xxvi. 34. 3 Isa. v. 6

nearly thirty years, where he was subject to his parents, and where he "increased in wisdom and in stature, and in favour with God and man"[1] until he went forth to finish the amazing work he had come to perform. How interesting to think that those hills were the same as when the Saviour's feet pressed them in his wanderings, and that he might have often traversed the path along which we were then wearily toiling. The hill which we were descending was steep and rocky, and we had a full view of Nazareth at its base. It had a bare and dreary aspect—no graceful palms growing amidst the houses to relieve the eye. The valley around was apparently well-cultivated, and sprinkled over with both fig and olive trees. When we had reached the town, and lost ourselves in its narrow streets, its meanness and dirtiness became apparent. It was a more populous place than I had supposed. Inquiring our way, we at length got to the convent, and were assigned apartments in a house built for the accommodation of pilgrims.

1 Luke ii. 52.

CHAPTER V.

NAZARETH.—ASCEND MOUNT TABOR.—LEAVE NAZARETH.—ESDRAELON.—JENEEN.—NABLOUS.—SINGEEL.—ARRIVE AT JERUSALEM.

Nazareth is said to contain three or four thousand inhabitants. It is a very dirty place, and many of the inhabitants appeared miserably poor. Being the market town for a wide district of country, its shops are tolerably well supplied with goods of various kinds—drapers' shops containing British manufactures appearing to be the most numerous. To the east of Nazareth the Bedaween Arabs occupy the country, and we here saw the wandering sons of the desert buying and selling in the market. In the afternoon I visited the well of Nazareth, called the Fountain of the Virgin. A large group of women, some of them richly, and generally most tastefully dressed, were lingering to talk and to laugh with each other, ere they returned bearing their pitchers on their heads. They were not veiled, and many of the younger ones were very beautiful, having the full dark eye and the good figure characteristic of the women in the north of Palestine. As they gossiped together, many a laugh burst from among them; and, although thirsty, I did not venture through the midst of them to the well, not wishing to be the

subject of their bantering jokes. There is no other well besides this in Nazareth, and there was a constant succession of the Nazarene women, going and returning. The custom of females going to draw water for the family is universal in the East, and the narratives of Rebecca in the Old Testament, and of the woman of Sychar in the New, show its great antiquity. Thus scenes now witnessed in the land illustrate the records of sacred history, and also afford evidence to their genuineness and truth. Though it is almost four thousand years since Rebekah was at the well, how minutely is the story told:—"And when she had done giving him drink, she said, I will draw water for thy camels also, until they have done drinking. And she hasted and emptied her pitcher into the trough, and ran again unto the well to draw water, and drew for all his camels;" and at the present day, in the East, there is usually a small trough by the side of the wells, from which horses and camels may drink, and those who come to draw water occasionally empty their pitchers into it, when it is needed. I sat down to rest not far from the well, under the thick shade of a fig tree, and not having slept any the night before, I was soon overcome with drowsiness, and enjoyed a refreshing sleep for some time.

On Wednesday I walked alone to the top of the hill behind Nazareth, where a Mahometan tomb crowns the summit. The prospect thence was fine, and has been well described by Dr. Robinson, who

also had wandered alone to the same spot, and upon whom the glorious scene burst unexpectedly. He says, "There lay the magnificent plain of Esdraelon. . . on the left was seen the round top of Tabor over the intervening hills . . . then came the long line of Carmel. In the west lay the Mediterranean, gleaming in the morning sun. . . below on the north was spread out another of the beautiful plains of Northern Palestine. Further towards the right is a sea of mountains backed by the higher ones beyond the lake of Tiberias, and in the north-east by the majestic Hermon with its icy crown." I spent some time there, gazing on these scenes, and enjoying the cooling breeze. Observing a lad with a flock of goats, I went up to him, and endeavoured to talk with him. He did not act like a "good shepherd," for he threw stones at his flock if they attempted to wander. There was no grass to be seen, but the white chalky soil was almost hidden by a stunted prickly shrub, scarcely a foot in height, which covered the entire hill, from which the goats were nibbling the young shoots. Nazareth and the surrounding valley had a pleasing appearance from this place. It is a secluded spot—its rich and fertile valley being quite surrounded by barren mountains. In the time of our Saviour it was the resort of the worst characters, who fled thither from justice or revenge. Hence the question of Nathanael, "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth."[1]

1 John i. 46.

In the afternoon we were shown some of the wonderful sights of Nazareth. We were first taken to the convent church, and down a long flight of steps in the middle, which took us to a place under the altar, said to be the grotto of the annunciation. A marble pillar suspended from the ceiling indicates the exact place where they say the angel appeared to Mary. The deluded Arab christians of Nazareth were pressing to it, one after another, stretching pieces of silk thread against it, which they would convey to the sick; and it is said that this miraculous pillar is thus made use of to charm away diseases all over Galilee. We also visited the pretended house of Joseph, and other places; but the most curious sight was a house built over a large mass of rock, nearly level at the top, and about the height of a table, on which they say that our Lord ate with his disciples both before and after his resurrection! Some hollow places in the rock were pointed out, which they said served instead of dishes to hold the food for the meal! On the walls of the room was hung up a dispensation, from some pope or other, of seven years' indulgence to those who visited the place, and repeated a few prayers: it was written in the Latin, Italian, and Arabic languages. During the time we were there, the building was quite crowded with Arab christians, most of whom carried away with them a little white dust from the soft rock, but some were content with making their finger ends white. Nearly all the

poor creatures contributed half a piastre each as their offering to the church.

Early the next morning I set out for Mount Tabor with a guide I had engaged, and the Prussian. We were advised not to go, as all the country in that direction is peopled by the Bedaween Arabs, but my desire to ascend this celebrated mountain was very great, and I was resolved to go if possible. For the first mile or two the country appeared partially cultivated, and we saw many ploughs at work, but after that neither house nor village was seen, and the land was totally neglected. I had left almost all the contents of my purse at the convent, taking a little money with me in case we should be attacked, as the Bedaween are said often to beat those who have nothing for them to steal. The time happily is approaching when "violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders."[1] The fine, round, and dark wooded top of Tabor was soon in sight, and arrested our admiration; for amongst all mountains, Tabor is preeminent for beauty. When we had at length reached the foot of the mountain, we crossed a narrow ravine, a little above the village of Daburieh,[2] and having "drunk of a brook by the way" we commenced a most toilsome ascent up the steep western sides of the hill. The soil was an exceedingly rich reddish-coloured loam, covered in many places with thick grass, but generally with wood of luxuriant growth. When about half-way up we

1 Isa. lx. 18. 2 Probably the same as Dabareh, mentioned in Josh. xxi. 28.

disturbed a fine full-grown fox, which stayed a moment to look at us before he slid away into the recesses of the thicket. There were also occasionally the marks of wild swine seen on the ground; and above us we saw the towering eagle circling in the highest air. By exerting ourselves much, we reached the top of the hill in about an hour from commencing its ascent. We then emerged upon a large level field, of the richest soil, where two Bedaween Arabs, probably from the village of Daburieh, were ploughing the ground, and sowing it with wheat: the seed however being thrown on the ground before it was ploughed. This method of sowing I had seen at Smyrna, and at Beyroot, and it is, I believe, the plan always adopted in the East. We struck right across the newly-ploughed ground, and then ascended to a still higher part, which we found entirely covered with the ruins of an ancient city. Our Arab guide, who was a christian, showed us a vault which he said had been a church, and he went down into it, and, crossing himself, began to mutter some prayers. It was not until I had climbed the summit of the highest ruin, that the whole extent of that magnificent prospect was visible. And as the eye glances round on so glorious a scene, the mind thrills in contemplating the places where such mighty events have occurred. To the south and west extended the wide plain of Esdraelon—"the battle-ground of nations," called also in Scripture, the Valley of Jezreel. The "bow of Israel" was here broken:[1] and when "the

1 Hosea i. 5.

children of Judah and the children of Israel be gathered together, and appoint themselves one head . . . *great shall be the day of Jezreel.*"[1] "And it shall come to pass in that day, I will hear, saith the Lord, I will hear the heavens and they shall hear the earth; and the earth shall hear the corn, and the wine, and the oil, and they shall hear *Jezreel.*"[2] On the eastern part of the plain, and not far from the southern base of Tabor, was the hill Little Hermon,[3] on the sides of which we saw two villages called Endor and Nein; the former being supposed to be the place where the witch lived in the time of Saul, and the latter where the Lord met the funeral procession of the widow's only son, and, having compassion on her, touched the bier, and restored the young man alive to his mother. Looking over Hermon, the rugged range of Gilboa, on the south-east extremity of the plain, bounded the view. On Gilboa Saul and his sons were slain; "for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away." Its barren heights remind us of the curse,—"Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither rain upon you, nor fields of offerings."[4] On the south of the plain, and to the right of Gilboa, were the mountains of Samaria; which enclose the "fat valleys," known to Israel for their "glorious beauty,"[5] and which, like a "fading flower," have long since ceased to bloom. Looking still more towards the west, we

1 Hosea i. 11. 2 Hosea ii. 21, 22. 3 Not the Hermon of Scripture.
4 II Sam. i. 21. 5 Isa. xxviii. 1, 4.

saw the long precipitous front of Carmel, the Plain of Acre, and, in the distance, the blue waters of the Great Sea. And so clear was the atmosphere that I plainly discerned the monastery on the western end of Carmel—about twenty-five miles from the place where I was standing.

Turning to the north-east, and looking over a rich undulating tract of country, we had a glimpse of the Sea of Galilee, its still blue waters reposing amidst a scene of desolate grandeur. To the pious christian this lake and its shores must ever be the objects of the deepest interest: being associated in his mind with most of the mighty works which the Saviour wrought whilst upon earth. From amongst the fishermen on its waters he chose his most beloved disciples; and its placid surface carried the message of mercy to the multitudes who lined the shore. This lake appears almost hallowed from having borne on its bosom the same precious Saviour, when going on errands of mercy from town to town on its western shores, or when crossing over to the "desert place" on the opposite side. Beneath its surging waves Peter began to sink, when the Lord who was walking on the water stretched out his hand to save him: and from its deepest recesses the multitudinous fish came to the disciples' nets, acknowledging the lordship of Him by whom all things were created. Large and populous cities—amongst which was Capernaum, the principal scene of the Saviour's Ministry—once lined the western shores of this lake; but the woe

so emphatically pronounced upon them, has been fulfilled to the uttermost. There is now no town or village near, except the half-ruined town of Tiberias, where a number of Jews reside in much poverty. From the summit of Tabor we had just a glimpse of one corner of Tiberias. Near the sea was the land of Gennesaret, of which Josephus has left us such a glowing description. He describes it as an Eden, blessed with a delicious temperature, and producing the fruits of every climate under heaven, in endless succession throughout the year. Looking north we had a fine view of distant ranges of hills, rising higher and higher, until the majestic Hermon and the mighty Lebanon terminated the view.

Mount Tabor has long been celebrated as the supposed scene of our Lord's transfiguration. That it took place there is extremely unlikely, as the site of a populous town, which then occupied the summit of Tabor, would not be called "a high mountain *apart*." The "holy mount" would more probably be Mount Hermon, to which I have already directed the reader's attention; for it was at the foot of that mountain that we last find our Lord and his apostles before that event.[1] We have seen that Mount Zion is identical with Mount Hermon, and in the transfiguration we see, in part, the fulfilment of the prediction in the 2nd Psalm—"Yet have I set my king upon my holy hill of Zion." May it not have been on account of the failure of Israel that a temporary Zion was given them in the more

1 See Matthew xvi. 13.

barren district of Judea? and the transfiguration on the "holy mount,"[1] where the sample of the future kingdom was given, may be understood as a pledge of the restoration to Israel of the original "Sion which is Hermon."

Before we began to descend, we sought to satisfy our thirst, but we could not see, nor did our guide appear to know, anything of a spring mentioned by some travellers. There was some rain water standing in the hollows of some large stones, which we were fain to drink. After looking a little among the arched ruins, we began to retrace our steps across the lower summit, where we found the Arabs still at work. In going down we left the circuitous path, and, proceeding in a straight line, were soon at the foot of the hill. As we were crossing the wild country near Tabor, we met a Bedaween leading his camel, who spoke to our guide: and the latter told us afterwards that he had asked him if we had any money with us, and that he had answered that we had left it at the convent. Our guide pointed out some spots where he said treasure had been found; and one place where some battle had been fought. We arrived at Nazareth about two o'clock, hungry and thirsty, for we had scarcely tasted anything in the morning, and our six or seven hours' toil had been rather severe.

As we walked about Nazareth it was pleasing to think that we were treading over paths on which

[2] II Peter i. 18.

the Saviour must often have wandered: and it was wonderful to think of his abiding thirty years in such a place. We know little of his life during all that time, but, surrounded by a wicked population, it is probable that he lived in great seclusion. When he in his journeyings afterwards twice visited the place, "to preach the acceptable year of the Lord," though the people of Nazareth "wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth," they were filled with envy and malice, and took him, on one occasion, to the brow of the hill on which the city was built to cast him down headlong.[1] The monks shew a hill at a considerable distance from Nazareth as the Mount of Precipitation, but the gospel narrative disproves their foolish tradition. On the hill behind Nazareth I saw many steep rocks, up some of which I climbed with difficulty, and there we may suppose is the place where Jesus was taken, to be cast down headlong.

Early on Friday morning (Feb. 4) we bade good bye to our kind entertainers at Nazareth, and set out on our journey southward towards Jerusalem. Our wearied companion, the Italian, was not able to go with us. I engaged the Prussian to carry my knapsack, in consideration of my paying all his expenses betwixt Nazareth and Jerusalem. Soon after the sun had risen, we were traversing some narrow ravines south of Nazareth, following the ancient beaten path. We had no

1 Luke iv. 16—30.

guide, but we hoped to find our way by making enquiry as we went along, and by consulting a map I had with me. In about an hour, we emerged on to the magnificent plain of Esdraelon, across which we could see to the mountains of Samaria. Here and there, at far distant intervals, the soil was being turned up by wild-looking Arabs, apparently belonging to the Bedaween. The soil appeared exceedingly rich, and is probably unsurpassed in its capabilities for vegetable production. Whilst all the plain appeared to have been growing grain at no very distant period, only very small portions are cultivated in any one year. All the rent paid is a tax on the grain actually grown; the plain being the property of the government.

This rich and spacious plain is almost without inhabitant, and very seldom a 'wayfaring man' is to be seen crossing it. We toiled on through the heat of the day, supported only by a few figs and a little bread, which we diluted with the stagnant water remaining in the small watercourses which occasionally crossed our path. Here we were on the old beaten track between Galilee and Jerusalem, which the Saviour himself must often have traversed when going to and returning from the feasts. The weariness and fatigue he would often feel, when on his numerous journeyings, struck my mind the more powerfully from what I experienced when tracking his footsteps. Probably over the path we were then in, the infant Jesus was carried by Joseph and Mary when coming out of Egypt; and

when he was twelve years' old, his then tender frame endured the privations of this long and wearisome journey. And year by year after would he go up with the "tribes of Israel" to observe in Jerusalem all the ordinances of the dispensation under which he lived, though he himself came to abolish that dispensation, and to introduce the "new and living way" of access unto God. How often then must he "*needs*" cross this mighty plain, going "through Samaria" to and from the holy city.

In the middle of the forenoon we came to a small village, which barely relieved the desolateness of the road. We should have preferred going round the outside of its mud walls, for we were aware that the inhabitants of that part bore the very worst character; but we were afraid of losing sight of our path, which led right into the place. It was far the worst specimen of an Arab village I had seen; everything being as dirty and filthy as it could well be. The men were sitting in groups on dunghills, smoking their pipes and basking in the sun. The women were generally at work, simply dressed in one long garment which had once been white cotton. The fierce barking of the dogs, and the uncivil answers of the men, when we asked our way through the village, put us in no little fear. One group scanned us very closely, and demanded *bucksheesh*[1] from us. In starting from Beyroot I had only taken with me my oldest clothes,

1 This term is used equally by the beggar and the robber, the former pronouncing it with a supplicating tone of voice.

and perhaps neither of us looked as if anything could be found on us to pay them for the trouble of searching us. However, by a kind providence we were preserved from either robbery or violence by the hands of these men. When we emerged again into the desolate plain, we felt relieved. In a few minutes we began to suspect that we had lost the path, for the traces of footsteps appeared less and less until they could no longer be seen; but we struck across the plain to our right, and, finding a path which appeared to go south, we followed it.

Nothing can exceed, in historic interest, a walk across the plain of Esdraelon. When we first emerged on the plain, we had a full view of the Little Hermon, on our left, standing by itself, with the villages of Endor and Nein on its side. And on the southern slope of the same hill, we afterwards saw the village of Solam, of which Dr. Robinson says, "there is little room for doubt that it is the ancient Shunem, . . . where the Philistines were encamped before Saul's last battle,"[1] and where the Shunamitish woman lived with whom Elisha so often lodged, and whose son he restored to life. Further south, across the plain, we saw the ruins of Zerin, finely set upon a low hill jutting out from the mountains of Gilboa, which latter bound the plain on the south-east. Dr. Robinson visited Zerin, and concluded that it is the ancient Jezreel. Across our path, therefore, the prophet Elijah ran

1. Sam. xxviii. 4.

before the chariot of Ahab "to the entrance of Jezreel," after he had slain the prophets of Baal at Carmel. Before us all the day were the thickly grouped hills of Samaria, and on our right the noble range of Carmel bounded the view.

Some writers mention streams of water flowing westward across the plain; but from our first entrance of the plain near Nazareth, until we began to ascend the hills of Samaria at Jeneen, not a drop of running water was seen. There were several channels, perhaps six feet deep and twelve feet across the top, but, although the season had been unusually wet, there was only a little standing water, here and there, in the lower part of the channels. In the afternoon, as we approached Jeneen, we came to some very soft ground, where our feet sometimes sank nearly a foot deep in the mud. When we were in the midst of this, a large company of mounted Arabs passed, and shouted roughly at us, but we paid little heed to them, and they went on. We had heard a very bad account of Jeneen, and not wishing to go there too soon in the day, we rested ourselves for about an hour. After that we pushed forward, and were soon in the suburbs of the town. There we saw fine streams of water flowing in narrow channels among thickly-planted groves of fruit trees, over which rose, here and there, a stately palm, imparting a peculiar charm to the scene. Imagining that the road would take us further round, we struck off into these gardens, where we had some difficulty

in finding a passage through, and surprised some children exceedingly whom we suddenly came upon. It was pleasing to see the crystal water flowing in such abundance; and to see it turning the wheels of a corn-mill which we passed. When we got into the streets, we inquired our way to the khan, and squatted ourselves down therein; to the no little astonishment of a crowd of idlers. When the news of our arrival had spread through this little town, the khan was soon crowded with as bad a looking set of fellows as ever it was my lot to see: not the respectable looking rogues from the bazaar, but savage brigandish looking men, who were well armed, and appeared to have nothing to do. I left the Prussian amongst them, whilst I escaped to the bazaar, to purchase something for our empty stomachs. I found the men in the bazaar, like those at other places, determined to cheat me, but knowing somewhat near the usual price of their eatables, I was able to check them. It was amusing sometimes to see one of them eagerly conclude a bargain at half the price he had asked a minute or two before. When I returned, my Prussian was shewing his sword exercise to an admiring circle of Arabs, in the middle of the spacious khan. After he had done, several of the men shewed us what they could do in the same way; and one after another stood up, making a few slow movements with the sword, with very great solemnity, as if an important event in their lives was taking place. Amidst them all we

managed to dine on bread, figs, and eggs; with coffee, without sugar, prepared by the khan-keeper *(khanjee)*.

Jeneen is only a small town, containing two or three thousand inhabitants; and the population is all Mahometan. From its position as a frontier town commanding the plain, it must always have been a place of importance. It has been often supposed to be the Jezreel of Scripture, but as *Zerin* occupies a situation agreeing so well with what we read of the position of Jezreel, this place has more latterly been supposed to be the ancient Ginœa mentioned by Josephus. The khan in which we were staying was a large building, one half of which was set apart for the horses, mules, and asses. The other part had a raised divan, next the walls, about a yard in width and two yards high, on which travellers might sit or sleep. The khanjee did not live in his khan; and having swung a lamp in the centre of the room, he shut us in, along with a number of others, and went to his own home. One of the horses from the other end walked about during a deal of the night, smelling among the sleepers, perhaps looking for his master; and that, with other annoyances which all travellers in the East must submit to, and which need not be mentioned, prevented me from getting any sleep. When the morning arrived we prepared for departure, when the khan-keeper made a most exorbitant demand. I just paid him a quarter of what he wanted us to give him, and, not heeding

his threatenings, we started on our journey, and were soon glad in finding ourselves safely outside of the town.

During the whole day our path was amongst the mountains of Samaria; and valley after valley, green and fertile, and "covered over with corn," did we pass through. The rich green of the rising crops, with groves of olive trees interspersed, formed many a beautiful scene in the midst of these "fat valleys." In one of them there was a sheet of water of considerable size, formed by the rains. The pathway led through one side of it, and we had to wade a considerable distance. Just beyond this, and above the road, was a village, and we were glad we had not to go through it. About noon we passed by another village; a little after which we were stopped by a company of roaming Arabs, some on horses and donkeys, and some on foot. They demanded bucksheesh, and were about to search for it. We just told them we had nothing for them *(ma-feesh bucksheesh)*, and, putting a bold face on the matter, pushed through them, and they let us go. We saw several other villages near this; returning from one of which we met what we judged to be a company of Turkish officers, who had probably been collecting a tax at the village. And a little further on we were overtaken by two companies of persons, who, I supposed, had been to the taxing. With one of these we walked for several miles, though without interchanging a single word. One man, who from his appearance,

might be the chief of some village or district, walked the first, and was richly dressed, having on a scarlet cloak with gold embroidering, which descended to the knee. A young man, probably his son, followed him, who was still more richly attired; and a man in plainer clothing brought up the rear. They were all three well armed. During most of the time we were with them, we were traversing a horrid stony defile; and, beginning to feel faint from thirst and fatigue, we had difficulty in keeping up with our adopted companions and armed defenders. We were sorry to see them turn towards the east, and leave us to travel alone over the most dangerous part of our journey. As evening approached, I judged we should not be far from Nablous, and seeing by the map that the road turned eastward towards that city, we turned into a path which led in that direction. We went on and on, but came to no city, and it became evident that we had lost our way. Espying a village on the summit of a hill, we made towards it through a fine thickly planted grove of olive trees. When we got there, we found it a miserable collection of hovels, where it is probable a European face had seldom, if ever, been seen; and it appeared to be quite deserted. We at length found a few poor and dirty looking people sitting in an enclosed court. They gave us a little water to satisfy our raging thirst, and pointed over the summit of a high mountain before us as being the road to Nablous. This was bad news, as we were already

very much fatigued, and as evening was approaching. We had first to descend a precipitous path into the narrow and picturesque valley which separated us from Mount Ebal, and we there met some women of the village returning from Nablous with oranges. We were very thirsty, and after much talking and making many signs, we persuaded one woman to sell us two of her oranges. The scenery here was beautiful, both sides of the narrow valley being richly wooded; reminding us of some well-remembered romantic spots in the north of England. The ascent up Mount Ebal was most toilsome; and, as the shades of twilight were beginning to gather around us, we began to fear lest we should be benighted before we reached Nablous. When we reached the summit of the mountain, the prospect before us almost repaid the extra toil we had undergone with losing our way, —a prospect unequalled in the whole land for beauty and fertility. Spreading along the base of the opposite hill lay the city of Nablous, built of exceedingly white stone, contrasting finely with the dark green of the luxuriant vegetation which filled the surrounding gardens and fields—where plenteous streams of crystal water were seen flowing. "There is nothing," says Clarke,[1] "finer than the view of Napolose from the heights around it. As the traveller descends towards it from the hills, it appears luxuriantly embosomed in the most delightful and fragrant bowers, half-concealed by

1 Vol. iv. p. 268.

rich gardens and by stately trees collected into groves, all around the bold and beautiful valley in which it stands."

Nablous is built on the site of "Shalem, a city of Shechem,"[1] near which Jacob pitched his tent when he came from Padan-aram into the land of Canaan; and where "he bought a parcel of a field where he had spread his tent at the hand of the children of Hamor, Shechem's father, for an hundred pieces of money." On this "parcel of ground" Jacob digged the well whereon Christ sat when he talked with the woman of Samaria: and when dwelling in Hebron, Jacob sent his sons here to pasture his flocks. The tribes of Israel, when coming out of Egypt, assembled here, and were commanded to build an altar on Mount Ebal; and whilst six tribes stood on Mount Gerizim to bless the people, six stood on Mount Ebal to respond to the curses,[2]—the city occupying the valley between. It was afterwards assigned to the Levites, and made a city of refuge. In the time of the Judges, Abimelech, the usurper, treacherously got possession of Shechem, and the curse of Jotham was fulfilled in the city being destroyed, and sown with salt. At Shechem "all Israel" was assembled to proclaim Jereboam king, when the "kingdom" was rent from the house of David.[3] After the taking away of Israel, and the captivity of Judah, Shechem became the chief city of the Samaritans. Here the Lord Jesus passed when he went out of Judea into

1 Gen. xxxiii. 19. 2 Josh. viii. 30-35. 3 1 Kings xi. 11.

Galilee; and the people of the city believed on him for the saying of the woman from the well, and afterwards said, *"now we believe, . . for we have heard him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world."*

The descent down the rugged sides of Ebal to Nablous was painful to our wearied limbs: the road being very steep and very stony. When near the top, bucksheesh was demanded from us by an ill-looking set of men, and we had more difficulty in getting away from them than when we were previously stopped. When we approached the city walls it was almost dark, but groups of idlers were still sitting on the ground; and some boys who were playing around them commenced pelting us with stones. Entering through the gate, we found ourslves in a mean dirty street, along the middle of which was running a stream of clear water. The greater part of the shops in the bazaar were closed for the night, and very few people were left in the streets: and they did not give very civil answers to our inquiries for a khan. We at length found one, and having entered it, saw a large spacious inner court, in which camels and men were sleeping together, exposed to the air. On one side was a large vault, in utter darkness, having at its entrance a damp and unpleasant smell, and quite empty. Into this we would not enter, and left the khan to make fresh enquiries in the street. The man who sold coffee at the entrance of the khan took us to a *very* small upper room over a shop in the bazaar;

and further obliged us by covering part of its earthen floor with an old mat, and by lighting us a small charcoal fire on the ground. Late as it was, I had then to go out to buy provisions, and managed to procure bread, cheese, eggs, and oranges; and when I returned I made some tea from a small quantity I had carried with me, and made a very comfortable meal. But nothing that I could take allayed my raging thirst; and at intervals during the night I drank water and sucked oranges without being much relieved.

Early the next morning (Sunday, Feb. 6) we set out of Nablous, after paying the khan-keeper about half of his exorbitant demands. In the bazaar a few of the shops were just being opened, and the men stared at us no little. I should have preferred resting on the Sabbath, but I thought it would be better to take a short "Sabbath day's journey" than to stay in Nablous. Passing by beautiful groves, we emerged to a fine and well-cultivated plain, generally regarded as the parcel of ground—before referred to—which Jacob bought, and afterwards gave to his son Joseph. I began to look about for Jacob's well, and, as most travellers describe it as being near the path we were on, I suppose we must have passed very near, though I could see nothing of it. Two Arabs came up to us, and offered to shew us the well—"*Beer Yacoob*"—but nothing could persuade my Prussian to stop and accompany them. So we pushed on, meeting as we went numbers of the Arab

peasantry, mostly women, carrying vegetables, sour milk, and other things, on their heads, to sell at Nablous. After a little while, we were overtaken by two Arabs, one middle-aged and the other young, who told us they were going to Jerusalem—*(El-Khuddis)*, and when they found that we were also going thither, they intimated their desire to join us as companions (*sowa-sowa*), and kept along side of us notwithstanding our evi-evident desire to get quit of them. When we left the path, and sat down to breakfast under the shade of a large olive tree, they followed us to the place, and sat down beside us, desiring to help us in eating our breakfast. I thought this would never do, as we had only provided for ourselves, so I bade them "go in peace." This sent them away, and we were very glad to get quit of them. But after we had resumed our journey, and gone a few miles further, we found them waiting for us, sitting by the side of a well. As we passed on, they joined us, and again expressed their desire to be our companions in the journey: but being determined to separate from them, if possible, we made an effort to outwalk them; and, as one of them halted a little in his walk, we succeeded in getting quite out of their view. We were then entering the fine vale of Lebonah, mentioned in the book of Judges,[1] after crossing a mountainous district which separates it from the extensive plain of Shechem. The village of Lubban was a little to our right,

1 Judges xxi. 19.

seated on rising ground on the west of the valley. When opposite the village, we met with a very friendly old Arab, and we sat down with him to talk a little. He was very communicative, only we did'nt know what he was talking about. I smoked a little from his pipe, and then satisfied his curiosity about my umbrella, and he was quite interested in seeing how it opened and shut. A party of ragged, ferocious-looking Arabs were then coming up, and he motioned us to sit with him until they had passed. I think that in this he was providing for our safety. They stayed to speak to the old man, and also greatly admired my umbrella.

Perceiving our two would-be companions gaining on us, we resumed our journey: and just as we commenced ascending the hill at the south end of the valley, we came to the Khan Lubban, well-known as the usual resting-place for European travellers after the first day's journey northwards from Jerusalem. There was there a copious spring of the clearest water, at the side of the ruins of an extensive old khan. Scarcely staying to drink, we began to climb a most steep and rugged path, winding up the almost precipitous sides of a high hill. This was a most toilsome ascent, and we were putting forth our little remaining energy, in order to distance the persevering pair behind us. We passed a young man and a young woman, each bearing a large pitcher of water which they had brought from the khan at the foot of the hill. A

little further on, on the summit of the hill, we passed an old Arab sitting by the roadside, who invited us to stay at his village all night. Not heeding him, we went on until we were opposite a village, on our right, which we afterwards found the inhabitants called Singhee.[1] We turned aside to rest under some olive trees, not knowing whether to go further or not, and we were there overtaken by the man who had invited us, accompanied by the two men who had followed us all the day. They all invited us to turn aside and stay all night at the village, and told us there was no other place further on where we could stay. Though it was only about three o'clock in the afternoon, we considered it best to go with them, and after about ten minutes' walk, we all reached the village. The old man who had first invited us, took us to his house, laid down a new mat for us, and seemed disposed to make us comfortable. Provisions, however, were very scarce, and all that we could get at first were a few figs; and a drink of water, of which they were afraid of our taking too much, as it had all to be brought from Khan Lubban. The woman seemed much younger than her husband, and her dress was of course dirty white cotton: a number of young children were running about.

The house we were in was built of stone, and had a chimney at one side of the room—a very unusual thing in Syria. One part of the floor was raised about a yard higher than the rest, on which

1 This village is called by some travellers Singeel.

the family slept, and under it was a kind of cellar, a few steps lower than the floor, in which their asses and poultry abode. On the raised part was a hand mill, at which a woman was grinding when we entered. It was placed on an inclined surface, and the woman grinding sat on the higher side of the mill. She had pulled her trowsers up as high as her knees, and her dirty bare legs, one on each side of the mill, kept the flour from spreading too much as it fell from the stones. The sight was almost enough to spoil our appetite for the bread of the village. When she had finished her grinding, she gathered the flour with her hands from off the floor into a small bag, and went away; and a young woman, who had perhaps nearly a quart of wheat, took her place at the mill. After we had been there an hour or two, they brought us some very soft indigestible bread which had been baked on small pebbles at a neighbour's oven. The pebbles were nearly as large as nuts, and we saw them picked out of the cakes after they came to the house, leaving the under side indented to their shape. I suppose they will be used to prevent the bread from burning. The bread was so bad that we could scarcely eat it.

A little after sunset the family took their evening meal; and in lack of better fare we were fain to join them. It was prepared by heating a quantity of water over the wood fire, and into this was gradually stirred some wheat meal,[1] and crumbs of

1 Wheat meal, with a very little barley ground along with it, is used for bread throughout the land—a little of the coarsest bran being taken out by a hand sieve.

bread were afterwards added. When it had cooled a little, we all sat round the pan on the floor, and commenced dipping our fingers in. A very little, however, satisfied me, and I amused myself with watching them eat. They were very expert in catching some of the thicker parts of the liquid mess, and, having allowed it to drain for a moment through their fingers, they gave it a toss in their hands, making it rapidly into a small ball, and then threw it into their mouths. It is marvellous how, with such diet, they could yet appear healthy and strong.

We rose very early on Monday morning, while it was yet dark, and, as it was cold, we kindled up the fire, and sat by it: and our Arab host and his wife then also rose up, and joined us. During the previous evening I had, very unwisely, made several presents to the children, and, as is usually the case in the East, it was almost impossible to satisfy the man when he saw I was a person out of whom bucksheesh could be got. Gratitude is almost unknown there, and the more kind the traveller is, the more fierce and greedy they become in their demands. I had given him a piece of money to get changed for us, that we might buy some more provision, but he quietly put it in his pocket, and told me it was bucksheesh for sleeping: and refused to give us any more provisions without more money. I had only gold pieces left, and if I had given him one to change, I should have got nothing back; and as there was no village between there

and Jerusalem where I could attempt to get change, or where I should have liked to have shewn that I possessed any money, I did not know how we should manage for provision. The Arab thought he had us fast, and could sponge us largely. We desired the sour soft bread, which we could scarcely eat the night before, but none would he give us. I was determined to have some provision, as he had got my money, and, putting a bold face on the matter, commenced telling him in Arabic, to the best of my ability, what I thought of him. My companion was terrified when the Arab and I got to shouting at each other, as we were completely at the mercy of the villagers, and he was not for staying any longer in the house; but when I told him to go, he became quiet. At last our provision basket was reluctantly supplied, and we started in the grey twilight on our last day's journey towards Jerusalem. The man went with us for about half a mile, to shew us the way, when he left us wishing us *peace*—"maa-salama."

What a change has come over this once highly-favoured land! Formerly it was the thickly-populated abode of the people whom the Lord had blessed, and now it has become the almost deserted habitation of the violent and the wicked. Through successive centuries the Lord has been gradually accomplishing all that the inspired prophets foretold, and the cup of the Lord's indignation would appear to be now well-nigh emptied—so completely does the present state of the land answer to all the predictions

respecting it. The Lord has said, "I will give it into the hands of the strangers for a prey, and to the wicked of the earth for a spoil, and they shall pollute it."[1] "Destruction cometh; and they shall seek *peace,* and there shall be none. Mischief shall come upon mischief, and rumour shall be upon rumour."[2] How exactly have these words been fulfilled!

We had not gone far before we entered a narrow rocky defile, along which it was painful to walk. We were then on the mountains of Judea, and as we advanced into the portion of the tribes which rejected the Messiah, the country became more barren and rocky. We met several companies of travellers, who appeared as if starting on their second day's journey from Jerusalem. They were mixed groups of Arabs, Jews, and others, some mounted and some on foot, associated for mutual defence. The camels which were with them appeared to suffer much in their feet, on the rugged path. After some hours' toil, we had passed the worst part of our road; and we then came to a fine spring, near which we could sit under "the shadow of a great rock"—which is always cool and pleasant, whilst the shadow of a tree only partially relieves the intensity of the heat. We there breakfasted, and the little I ate of the soft sour bread brought on an attack of the heartburn. When we were

1 Ez. vii. 21.

2 Ex. vii 25, 26.—Corresponding passages may also be seen in Isa. xxiv, Jer. vii. 34, and in many other places.

sitting there, a tribe of Gypsies passed us, in Indian file, with one or two donkeys to carry burdens, and almost every one of the tribe was loaded. The first who came up was a woman, half clad in rags; and the dark *filmy* eye of the Zingalee was set in a haggard and hopeless-looking hungered face. She bore in her arms a little emaciated child, and came to the spring where we were sitting. As she could not easily get the water, I gave her the bottle we were drinking from, much to the surprise and expressed indignation of my companion. She did not taste of the water herself, but poured a little into the mouth of the helpless babe; and then, silently and uncomplainingly, resumed her toilsome march. The rest of the party passed by without turning aside to drink: except two boys, almost naked, near the rear, who scampered out of the path towards the water, but they were quickly pursued and driven back by an older youth armed with a stick. The two lads then appealed to one of the men, and they were permitted to go and drink.

Resuming our journey, we passed through some interesting valleys; and wound round the sides of terraced mountains, green with the olive and the fig tree. The leaves of the latter had lately come out, but "the time of figs was not yet." About noon we came to El-Beerah, the Beer or Beeroth[1] of Scripture, a finely-situated village on an elevated summit; with a population of 700, all Ma-

1 Jos. xviii. 25; Judges, ix. 21.

hometans. After passing the village, we came to a fine copious spring (from which the place receives its name) of the clearest water, which fell into large troughs at the eastern side of an ancient deserted building, said to be the ruins of a khan. Near the spring two young Arabs were sitting eating, who told us they also were going to Jerusalem. My companion felt so hungry that he contrived to join them, and share their meal. At Beerah we were about three hours' distance from Jerusalem, and I began to wish exceedingly that we were there. The path, after this, led us through a most desolate and stony region. The whole land seemed given up to stones, and to great numbers of dismal croaking ravens. A few miles distant to our right, mountainous ridges terminated our view: on the top of which we saw El-Jeeb, the ancient Gibeon, so frequently mentioned and so famous in Old Testament history. Near it was the great battle fought, when "the sun stood still in the midst of heaven, and hasted not to go down about a whole day."[1] A little to the south of El-Jeeb, and on a still higher mountain, are the ruins of Neby Samweel, called so from its being supposed to be the tomb of Samuel the prophet.[2] A tower which rises from amidst its ruins is a prominent object of view from Jerusalem and the neighbourhood, appearing like the tall steeple of an ancient church.

As we approached Jerusalem, the ground became

1 Jos. x. 13. 2 Dr. Robinson and other modern travellers doubt that this is the Rama of Samuel.

still more stony and barren. We met numbers of the peasants returning from the city, who appeared very poor, and differed widely in personal appearance from the people of the north of Palestine. The countenance here was haggard, with a small and sinister-looking eye, and the face altogether like the Egyptian Arabs I afterwards saw at Alexandria. We asked almost every one we met, how many hours it was to Jerusalem, and nearly all their answers varied. I had often perused accounts of the highly-excited feelings with which travellers have beheld, for the first time, the "holy city," but I must confess that as I toiled over the rugged path, wearied and faint, the deeply exciting associations of this once-favoured spot were almost forgotten in the pleasant anticipations of a season of rest within its ancient walls. Therefore no very extraordinary feelings came over me when my eyes first rested on the yet distant domes and minarets of Jerusalem. But, notwithstanding fatigue, when we had arrived at a summit from whence we had a fuller view of the city, I could not be insensible to feelings of a most peculiar nature, and I mentally exclaimed, "Beautiful for situation."[1] Mountains encircled it round—some bare and rugged; others, to the right, more green and fertile. And, within these everlasting hills, we beheld the ancient "dwelling place"[2] of the Most High; the Zion where David reigned, and where the splendours of Solomon were seen;

1 Ps. xlviii. 2. 2 Ps. lxxvi. 2.

where God, in his temple, did "in very deed dwell with men on the earth,"[1] and where the Son of God accomplished the work of human redemption. On this memorable occasion, all nature contributed to heighten the effect: the afternoon was beautiful, the sky clear and of the deepest blue, and scarcely a breath of wind moved in the air. The chief seat of Israel's grandeur was before us, but none of that grandeur was there. The "holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High"[2] is defiled, and, after being made "desolate," has become as the high place of the heathen. Where the mirth of the "joyous city," once sounded, the stillness of death seemed to reign. The Jerusalem that *was* "is ruined," and the Jerusalem that *is*, is an abomination.

As we descended towards the city, we entered a thickly planted grove of olive trees, through which the path led us towards the Damascus Gate. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when our feet stood, for the first time, within the gates of Jerusalem. A massive wall surrounded the city, and Turkish soldiers were on guard at the gate. How changed from that time when it was the city of the Great King, whither the tribes went up, "the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord."[3] The streets were cleaner than I had anticipated after hearing and reading of their filthy condition, and were much the same as in any other eastern city. It

1 II. Chron. vi. 18. 2 Ps. xlvi. 4. 3 Ps. cxxii. 4.

did not strike me that "meanness, filth, and misery," by which a recent traveller appears to have been so much impressed, prevailed here more than they do in other places. Guided by the excellent plan of Jerusalem in Bagster's Scripture Atlas, we went straight to the Latin Convent, where we were assigned an apartment. I was truly thankful that we had at last reached a place of rest.

CHAPTER VI.

STREETS OF JERUSALEM.—POOL OF SILOAM. MOUNT OF OLIVES.—BETHANY.—CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.—ENGLISH CHURCH.

One of the most difficult things for a traveller to Jerusalem, is to realise, after he has arrived there, that he really is within the walls of the city of David, and near the place where the Redeemer suffered. He may tell himself that it is so, and yet the mind cannot *feel* it. And when he goes out into the streets, and sees the ordinary business of a small town going on around him, he is half convinced that there must be some grand mistake in the matter.

Early the next morning after our arrival, I walked to the high part of the city, near the Jaffa gate, and saw the new English Church, which occupies a prominent position there. It appeared to be a handsome substantial gothic building, with a wing on each side, one of which was being prepared for the residence of the British consul at Jerusalem, and the other, which was only partially built, was intended for the bishop. Great expense was incurred, and many years' delay took place, in endeavouring to get permission from the Turkish government to build it, and it was several times

stopped; and, at last, it had to be done in a way in which it might have been done at first, without even asking for permission. Our consuls in the Turkish empire are allowed to have chapels at their consular residences, and it was only by arranging for the consul's house to be in the same building as the church, that the building has at length been allowed to be completed. The old square towers near the Jaffa gate attracted my attention, and I was struck with their apparent strength. Many soldiers and officers were walking about, the greater part of the Jerusalem garrison being quartered there.

I then went down a principal street of Jerusalem, leading east from the Jaffa gate, towards the great mosque. Each side of the street was occupied by mean-looking Arab shops, but there did not appear to be much business going on—very little when compared with the business transacted daily in the Beyroot bazaars. Near the foot of this street, I came to the covered bazaar, which consists of several long parallel arcades, of rude construction, which run north and south. They are said to contain altogether upwards of five hundred shops. This part of the city has been described by many travellers as being most filthy, and as appearing not to have been cleaned out for centuries. But, a few months before I arrived, the Pasha had given orders for the whole to be cleansed and white-washed, and the doors painted; and when I entered it, the place appeared clean and cheerful. Those

of the same trade are generally near together. In one part the butchers, and the dealers in vegetables, abounded; in another the smiths of various kinds were together; the drapers in another place; and the general grocers had their place in the bazaar, as well as occupying shops in many other parts of the city. After I had seen the bazaar, I called on the British consul, James Finn, Esq. I had found some inconvenience from the want of a European passport, and I called on Mr. Finn to see if he could supply me with one. He was very polite, but told me that he had neither forms for passports, nor instructions for granting them.

In the afternoon I walked down a clean and quiet street, leading south from the English Church; which took me under an arch, and past the large Armenian Convent. A number of people were seated on the ground, with relics, beads, and other things before them, adapted to the peculiar tastes or superstitions of the Armenian Christian pilgrims, who were constantly passing in and out of the convent. A little further on I came to the Zion Gate, which faces southward, and, going out of it, the frightful Valley of Hinnom was before me, beyond which rose the Hill of Evil Council, which, though green, had a desolate appearance from the absence of trees. Close to the right of the gate, and outside the walls, was a mosque, generally termed the Tomb of David, and near it a smaller detached building. The surrounding ground was under preparation for grain crops, the young corn in

some parts already appearing. Going eastward, and descending a little near the south-east corner of the city, I came to the pool of Siloam, where a small stream of water was gushing forth. An old venerable-looking Arab was sitting at its brink, and began speaking to me. I fancied he might be repeating the beautiful story of Christ sending the blind man hither, who testified—"A man that is called Jesus made clay, and anointed mine eyes, and said unto me, Go to the Pool of Siloam, and wash: and I went and washed, and I received sight."[1] At the first sight of the place, I thought that it could not be the pool, for every account which I had seen, described it as an open deep reservoir, and I saw nothing of the kind. The water came out from the side of the hill, and moved "softly,"[2] amidst some large stones, after which it escaped to the valley beneath, irrigating there a number of small gardens. However, as I knew of no other place about Jerusalem where water flowed out, and as this was in the exact situation where the Pool of Siloam was marked on my map, I concluded that it must be the spot. From thence I descended to the bottom of the hill, and turned up the road leading northward up the valley of Jehosaphat. This is marked in many maps as a stream of water—the Brook Kedron, but the road in which I was walking was in the very centre of the valley, and there were no traces of water having run over it. As a great quantity of rain had pre-

1 John ix. 11. 2 Isaiah viii. 6.

viously fallen, I had expected to see some traces of the "wintry torrent" spoken of by Dr. Robinson, but saw none.[1] On my right, frightful high rocks rose precipitously; above which, on the very edge of the precipice, was the village of Siloam.

I next came to a large vault or cave, down to the bottom of which there was a long flight of steps. I went down, and found that they terminated in a vaulted passage, about a yard in width and two yards in height, paved at the bottom. On making the last step down, I unexpectedly found my foot ankle-deep in the water; which was so clear that, in the dim light of the vault, the paved passage appeared to be quite bare. I found by my map that this was the Fountain of the Virgin; which is called by some the Fountain of Siloam. Though called a fountain, I saw no tokens of its being a spring, and it is probably supplied with water from the Pools of Solomon, conveyed in the first place to the mosque of Omar, within the walls; and we may conclude that it is the same water which afterwards escapes at the Pool of Siloam. There was a Turkish soldier sitting near, partaking of a meal with his wife and child; and he went down the steps to get some of the water. I tasted the water out of his vessel, and found it to be excellent.

After this I went still further up the valley, until I was opposite the east corner of Jerusalem, where the mosque of Omar rises immediately within the walls. The valley of the Kedron, up which I was

1 A considerable quantity of rain fell after this during the writer's stay in Jerusalem, but never sufficient to cause any flow down this valley.

walking, was much deeper, and the sides more precipitous, than I had anticipated. The four large monuments, of which Absalom's pillar is one, were now immediately above me on the right, behind which were the steep slopes of the Mount of Olives, still covered over with great numbers of large olive trees. The mountain had not a pleasing appearance, for there was only little verdure, and the soil being of a light brown colour, apparently abounding either with chalk or lime, made it unpleasant for the eye to look upon. Towards the foot of the mountain, vast numbers of gravestones covered the ground. A little higher up the valley, I came to where the pathway down from St. Stephen's Gate is carried over a narrow chasm by a small bridge, and there met a few pilgrims coming out of the city, and went with them towards the Garden of Gethsemane, which was close by. It is surrounded by a new wall, very strong and high, which has lately been erected, and there was some difficulty about our being admitted. It is generally supposed that this is the true site of the garden, where, we read, that "Jesus ofttimes resorted thither with his disciples:"[1] where, "being in agony, he prayed more earnestly; and his sweat was, as it were, great drops of blood falling down to the ground:" and where the multitude, with "swords and staves," took the unresisting Saviour. It was with feelings of no common interest, therefore, that I stooped at the low doorway, and entered

1 John xviii. 2.

for the first time this hallowed enclosure. There was nothing to be seen except the eight old olive trees, and they look so very old that it is not improbable they may have grown from the same roots as those which were standing and looking down upon the Saviour's agony and betrayal. I should have liked to cut a piece from one of the trees, as a memento of my visit, but this had been carried on to such an extent by Catholic pilgrims that it had been found necessary to put a stop to the practice, to prevent the trees being entirely cut away. Whilst the rest of the visitors were hearing recounted the traditions connected with each spot, I sat down upon the spreading old roots of one of the trees, gazing upon the scene around me, and upon the eastern walls of Jerusalem. Exactly opposite was the Golden Gate, now walled up, which would formerly lead directly into the courts of the ancient temple; and I thought that it was probably the gate through which Christ left the city, when, despised and rejected of men, he retired alone to the Mount of Olives.[1] And it was not difficult to realize the picture of his descending thence, down the steep path from the gate, after he had eaten his last passover; when, followed by his chosen disciples, he came to this garden, of which it is said that "Jesus oft-times resorted thither,[2]"—a mournful train, the Lord knowing that the time was come when he should be betrayed. How surprising it was, to think, that I might be sitting by the very

1 John viii. 1. 2 John xviii. 2.

place where the "angel appeared to him from heaven strengthening him."[1] Returning to Jerusalem, we passed by a building in the bottom of the valley, near Gethsemane, which we were told was the Greek church erected over the "Tomb of the Virgin." The ascent from thence to St. Stephen's Gate is very steep. Entering there, I proceeded along the Via Dolorosa, and arrived at my quarters, tired with sight-seeing, and glad to regain a quiet resting-place.

Early the next morning, by break of day, I set out to ascend the Mount of Olives, and to visit the village of Bethany on the other side of the mountain—accompanied by a Catholic pilgrim, who belonged to a primitive Alpine race inhabiting the Styrian Alps, north of Trieste. He showed me one of his books of devotion, printed at the capital, Laybach, in his native language—which apparently bore no resemblance to anything I had seen, but I suppose it would be a dialect of the Sclavonian. He, however, could speak both Italian and German; and I managed, though with difficulty, to make him understand the place where I wished to go, and its Scripture history. Though he was extremely ignorant, I found he knew a little of the story of Lazarus and his sisters. As we ascended the Mount of Olives, I kept continually looking back at the city; and as we rose higher and higher, Jerusalem was gradually opened to our view; and when we were almost at the summit, the whole city was spread out before our eyes.

1 Luke xxii. 43.

At some such spot, on the same mountain, the Lord must have stood, when, coming from Bethany, he beheld the devoted city, and wept over it.[1] Immediately within the walls, on the side nearest us, was the splendid Mosque of Omar, built on the place where the temple of Solomon stood. The lower part of the mosque appeared to be white marble, the upper part was of a bluish green colour; and the whole was in a richly ornamented style of architecture. A magnificent dome towered over all,— and forms the principal object within the walls in every representation of Jerusalem. Around this centre building was a spacious court, covered with rich verdure; and outside of that, and within the sacred enclosure, were many lesser buildings, including a small mosque. From where we stood, we could see the circuit of the walls around the city, and we could distinguish several of the principal thoroughfares within. The new English church on Mount Zion was a very prominent object in the view. Proceeding on, we attained the summit of the mountain, and passed a dirty small village near the deserted Church of the Ascension. At this place an extensive view towards the east suddenly opened out before us. The river Jordan was seen pursuing a winding course through the midst of the plain far beneath us, and more to the right a portion of the Dead Sea was visible. Beyond all, a frightful range of apparently precipitous mountains terminated the view. As we descended

1 Luke xix. 41.

the eastern slope of Olivet, the country around us became increasingly beautiful. There were a larger number of olive trees than on the Jerusalem side of the mountain, and many other kinds of trees also were growing on every hand. There were numbers of one kind of tree, which I supposed to be apricot, that were covered with beautiful blossom. We at length arrived at a secluded and picturesque village, which I concluded must be Bethany. A boy whom we met guessed the object of our search, and pointed out to us a very old man, sitting by the side of an entrauce to a cave at the side of the road. I saw at once that this was the place shewn as the grave of Lazarus. The old man lighted us a small wax taper, which he handed to us, and we descended a long flight of steps until we came to a low aperture, through which we crept into a small room, excavated out of the rock, where it is said the body of Lazarus was laid. Although there is no certainty about the matter, yet it may possibly be the very tomb from which Lazarus came forth, at the word of him who shall one day likewise raise all his sleeping saints. As our candle was a very short one, we lost no time in coming out of the grave; and, after giving the old man a small gratuity, we went round part of the village, and began to retrace our steps towards Jerusalem. A house is shewn in Bethany where it is said that Lazarus and his sisters lived; but not believing that the house of Lazarus could be existing at present, I did not even ask which it

was. The village is called by the Arabs, Azareeah, from the name of Lazarus. We returned by the same path that we took in going, over the highest summit of the Mount of Olives. At the foot of the mountain, we turned a little to our left, to visit the four large sepulchral monuments, said to be the tombs of Jehosaphat, Absalom, St. James, and Zachariah. Two of these are immense blocks of rock, from around which the stone has been hewn out. Near these is the Jewish burying ground, where the surface was covered with small grave-stones bearing Jewish inscriptions. Perhaps the principal reason why so many poor old Jews from Poland and Germany contrive to reach Jerusalem before they die, is that they may be laid with their forefathers in the valley of Jehosaphat. Some of them believe in a curious tradition, that those who are buried elsewhere will have to make their way underground, to the valley of Jehosaphat, at the resurrection.

As we passed the Tomb of the Virgin, we saw that the Greek Church was open, and we went in. The number of burning lamps hanging from the ceiling was immense, and a large crowd of pilgrims, principally Russians, were diligent at their devotions. The interior had evidently been adorned at great expense, but the pictures and ornaments were such as we, in England, should give to please very young children. The Catholic Church close by, also said to be over the "tomb of the virgin," is a small place under ground; and,

looking in, we saw one or two persons in monkish dress: there were no worshippers there. Whilst pilgrims belonging to the Greek church were in Jerusalem in great numbers, I saw only one or two Catholic pilgrims, who had repaired thither for devotional purposes, or as a work of merit. The Greek pilgrims were mostly Russians, or of the Sclavonic nations on the Daunbe. The number who visit Jerusalem every year must be immense, and it is more than probable that they hope to gain heaven through this pilgrimage.

My next excursion was to the west of the city. Going out of the Jaffa Gate, I turned to the right, and followed the road leading to Jaffa. Close by the path was a covered channel or sluice, down which water was running towards the city. At one or two places the top had been removed, or had been broken in, and some Turkish soldiers were there filling their vessels with water. Further on, the path led through fine open ground, covered with a carpet of grass, and there some companies of Turkish soldiers were going through their military evolutions. The officers had a coarse unintelligent appearance, and did not appear to differ in birth or education from the men in the ranks. When about a half a mile from the walls, I came to the Upper Pool of Gihon, a large and deep square reservoir, the sides of which were lined with cement. Though out of repair, it was not empty, the water being about a yard or two deep. This is doubtless the Upper Pool mentioned by Isaiah,[1] and is

1 Isaiah vii. 3; xxvi. 2.

supplied from the "upper watercourse of Gihon," which we read that Hezekiah stopped, "and brought it straight down to the west side of the city of David."[1] This passage seems to point also to the channel of water I had seen, which is supplied from the Upper Pool, and enters the city beside the Jaffa Gate. Beyond the Upper Pool were some monuments, and a large Mahometan burying ground.

During the week, when the weather permitted, I visited and revisited many of the objects of interest in and around the city. I was rather disappointed at the appearance of the interior of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre: it was not so splendid as I had expected. As to the religious services, I went expecting to see ignorance and superstition displayed, and I gave little heed to what was going on. I could not but notice, on one occasion, a large crowd of Greek pilgrims, who were following one of their priests about the building, whilst the latter went from place to place, describing in an easy careless manner, what occurred at each spot. A company of Catholic monks were also at the same time going through their mummeries, chanting from their books, which they held in one hand, whilst they held their burning candles in the other. Only two pilgrims accompanied this procession: one of whom was a middle-aged gentleman, and the other an interesting young lady—and both I was told were English. These two pilgrims were also provided with candles

1 II Chron. xxxii. 30.

and books. The Latin fathers got faster on with their work than did the Greek priest; and when the monks overtook the larger procession belonging to the Greek church, the crowd of pilgrims opened a way through their midst, and stared with surprise at the strange appearance the others made when passing through them, whilst the Greek priest stopped in the middle of his speech, looking down with a contemptuous smile upon the small company of the rival church. Besides the Greek and Latin, the Armenian, the Coptic, and other eastern churches, are in joint possession of this building, and each church has its own convent in some other part of Jerusalem.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is said to be built over the place where our Lord was crucified and buried.[1] In the middle of the church, under the magnificent dome, stands the marble mausoleum which encloses what they call the Holy Sepulchre. Pilgrims were constantly entering this, and all pulled off their shoes. I looked in, and saw a number of lights burning; but not believing in the identity of the place, nor that our risen Saviour would have his people thus regard *any* earthly spot, I refrained from shewing, after the eastern custom, my reverence for the tomb by taking off my shoes. A beautiful marble slab was pointed out as that on which the Saviour's body was anointed. The monks also shew the place where the Empress

1 The reader is referred to the end of this volume for a few remarks on this much disputed subject.

Helena found the three crosses; where the cross was fixed; the fissure in the rock; &c., &c. In the court yard, at the front of the church, enormous quantities of beads were spread out upon the ground for sale; and in the street which leads from the western outlet of the court, the shops were stored with all sorts of pious wares, which pilgrims from all parts of the world carry away with them as mementos of their visit to Jerusalem.[1]

There are many pleasant walks around the city. The favourite promenade is out of the Jaffa gate, and towards the Upper Pool of Gihon. It was delightful to walk there in the cool of the evening, surrounded by people of various nations. Groups of pale-faced Jews, Turkish officers with their heavy swarthy countenances, Arab merchants, and Greek pilgrims, were continually passing; and I occasionally met a European consul, preceded by

1 The Arab Christians who visit Jerusalem have a large ornament *tatooed* into their right arm, which is done by their priests as an indelible mark of their having performed the holy pilgrimage. The Roman Catholic pilgrims, before they leave Jerusalem, are supplied with a printed document, of which the following is a copy, by the secretary of the convent, in which the blanks are filled up with the name, country, and profession of the pilgrim:—

"IN DEI NOMINE AMEN.

Omnibus, et singulis præsentes litteras inspecturis, lecturis, vel legi audituris fidem, notumque facimus Nos Terræ Sanctæ Custos Dominum ——— ———, professionis ———. Jerusalem feliciter pervenisse die —— Mens. ——— inde subsequentibus diebus præcipua Sanctuaria, in quibus Mundi Salvator dilectum populum suum, imo et totius humani generis perditam congeriem ab inferi servitute misericorditer liberavit, utpote Calvarium, ubi Cruci affixus, devicta morte, Cœli januas nobis aperuit; SS. Sepulchrum, ubi Sacrosanctum ejus corpus reconditum, triduo ante suam gloriosissimam, Resurrectionem quievit, ac tandem ea omnia Sacra Palestinæ Loca gressibus Domini ac Beatissimæ ejus Matris Mariæ consecrata, a Religiosis nostris, et Peregrinis Visitari solita, visitasse et magna cum devotione in eis Missam audivisse.

In quorum fidem has scripturas officii nostri sigillo munitas per Secretarium expediri mandavimus. Datis apud S. Civitatem Jerusalem ex Venerabili nostro Conventu SS. Salvatoris, die —— mens ——— anno D. ———

De Mandato Reverendiss. in Christo Patris.

———— ————"

his dragoman with a long silver-headed stick. Also, Bishop Gobat and his family often rode out in this direction. The gates of Jerusalem are closed about an hour after sunset, after which there is no admission for any one. A substantial building was however being erected outside the Jaffa gate, for the accommodation, during a night, of those who arrive after the closing of the gates.

I visited several times the new Protestant Church, and conversed with two English carpenters who were engaged in laying the floor. They told me that almost all the materials, excepting stone, were sent from England. I ascended to the roof, from whence there was a very fine prospect of the city and the surrounding country. The slates on the roof were brought from England, and were very large and thick. One of the boxes of slate had been unfortunately lost into the sea at Jaffa, and a fresh supply would have to be sent for from England. From that and other causes, I was told that the opening of the Church would take place much later than was expected.

The English Church is built on the highest part of the city, generally (though I think improperly) called Mount Zion. We have previously shewn, from Scripture, the identity of the Mount Zion of prophecy with Mount Hermon, and the very high probability of its being the "Holy Mount" where our Saviour was transfigured. The stronghold of Zion *at Jerusalem* is only first mentioned on the occasion of David's taking it, and it was thence

also called the "City of David." There is, however, great reason for doubting that it was situated in the part of Jerusalem now called Mount Zion, on which the church is built. From 2 Chron. viii. 11, we learn that Solomon *brought up* his wife, the daughter of Pharoah, from the City of David to a house that he had built for her; the reason assigned being, that Zion, the city of David, was thenceforth to be holy, since the ark of the Lord had come there, and that even the king's wife should not dwell there. What is now called Zion is on the highest part of Jerusalem, but we see from the above passage that the stronghold of Zion was not on the most elevated spot, for Solomon's wife was brought *up* from it to a higher part of the city. We learn, moreover, from the same passage, that Zion was in the quarter afterwards appropriated to sacred purposes. There the Temple was built, and there the Mosque of Omar now stands: in that quarter also must have been the place where the stronghold of Zion stood, and from which Solomon's wife was removed to a higher part,—probably to the highest quarter—that which is now called Zion.

I rose early on my first Sabbath morning in Jerusalem, and, as the morning was fine, I walked quite round the city, outside the walls. I was reminded, in so doing, of the passage, "walk about Zion, and go round about her; tell the towers thereof."[1] Though the walls are kept in repair,

1 Ps. xlviii. 12, 13.

for the safety of the inhabitants, and we may still mark her bulwarks, yet there are no "palaces" left for us to "consider," nor any glory to recount "to the generation following." The glorious capital of Israel has for ages been "ruined,"[1] and of the present Jerusalem we may exclaim, "Is THIS the city that men call the perfection of beauty, the joy of the whole earth?"[2] I saw no suburbs around Jerusalem, for such is the state of the surrounding country, that it would not be safe to live outside the walls. I went to the church early, and saw the congregation enter. It consisted principally of the families and dependents of the missionaries, German tradespeople, and English and German artificers engaged in building the new church, with a few German and Eastern Jews: altogether 60 or 70 persons. The Bishop, Mr. Veitch, Mr. Nicolayson, and Mr. Ewald entered together, and took their positions in a row within the communion rails; and the whole congregation, which had stood up, remained standing until the Bishop was seated. Honour should be given to whom honour is due, yet I felt that thus to reverence *man*, at the very time we were assembled to worship GOD, was indeed sinful. Mr. Nicolayson and Mr. Veitch read the morning service, and the Bishop preached an excellent sermon,—plain, evangelical, and impressive. After the service was over, I observed the Bishop returning to his residence, preceded by two dragomen, in full costume, each walking with a long silver-headed

1 Is. iii. 8. 2 Lam. ii. 15.

staff, and I felt that it did not quite harmonize with what I had just before heard.

On a following day, I joined a party who were going to visit the "Sepulchres of the Kings"—about half a mile distant, north of Jerusalem. We first descended into an immense pit, and entered a spacious portico on its western side, excavated out of the rock. Over its entrance, the rock is sculptured into a beautiful cornice. From the portico, after lighting our candles, we crept on our hands and knees through a low aperture, into a large square apartment, also hewn in the rock; and from thence we penetrated into all the sepulchral chambers. The wonderful stone doors are all lying broken in two or three pieces. The innermost chamber was the most difficult of access, for into it we had to creep on our hands and knees down a descending passage. We saw there an entire sarcophagus with its lid, the latter being most beautifully sculptured. The atmosphere in these chambers was most oppressive; and, deeply interesting as they are as monuments of the mighty dead of ages long past, perhaps one of the chief pleasures attending this visit, was to emerge from their dark recesses into the light and air of heaven. Nothing is known of the history of these tombs, and we can only conjecture for whom they were constructed: but, from their position, and from the character of the sculptured ornaments, many doubt that they are, what their name implies, the last abode of Judah's kings.

CHAPTER VII.

BETHLEHEM.—SOLOMON'S POOLS.—LEAVE JERUSALEM.—RAMLEH.— JAFFA.—SHIPWRECK.—JOURNEY TO MT. CARMEL.—TYRE.—BEYROOT.

On Monday morning, I set out for Bethlehem on foot. We met numbers of the Bethlehem women, carrying very heavy loads of firewood upon their heads to Jerusalem. Their attire was one long coarse blue dress, reaching to the feet, and secured round their waists with a strap. A great part of the way was over a fine elevated plain, which in many places was not cultivated. We passed the convent of Mar Elias, and the Tomb of Rachel, both of them being near the road. After about an hour and a half, we came in sight of Bethlehem, which occupies a commanding situation on the summit of a hill. A large mass of buildings was seen on the east side of the hill, which we judged would be the convent; and on reaching the village we repaired thither. Within the walls of the same building, both the Greeks and Latins have their convents, and also their separate churches. The Greek Church was a very large square hall, with a row of marble pillars up each side, and under the altar is the cave shown as the place where Christ was born.

In the afternoon I took a walk alone through the village, and observed that great numbers of the inhabitants were employed in making beads

out of a soft wood, which are sold to pilgrims at Jerusalem and other places. It is an unimportant village, containing 600 or 700 inhabitants, all native Christians: but the interest which is attached to the place is derived from its being so intimately associated with the leading events of Scripture history. It was the scene of the remarkable occurrences recorded in the book of Ruth: the birth-place of David; where he, tending his father's sheep, slew a lion and a bear, and from whence he was called to be Israel's king. Here He, who was David's son and David's Lord, was born in a stable and cradled in a manger: and in the same neighbourhood, the heavenly host appeared to the shepherds by night, "praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men."

I was not fortunate enough to find the Well of Bethlehem, of whose water David longing to drink, caused his three mighty men to break through the host of the Philistines, and draw water for him. I met the women of the village bringing skins of water, and saw others leaving with empty skins, and being sure thereby to find the well where the inhabitants now get their supply, I followed the path along which these women were going and returning. It led me in a north-west direction, through a beautiful valley studded with olive trees, and carpeted with grass; and past a village built on the summit of a hill, to my right. After walking about two miles, I came to where a num-

ber of women were drawing water out of a deep well, with small leathern buckets, and so filling their skins. Some also were engaged in washing, and all were very merry. I got one of the women to let me drink, and found the water to be delicious. It was painful to see young women, not over strong, bending beneath the weight of large skins full of water, and carrying them such a long distance.

The next day I went, with two other visitors, to see the Pools of Solomon. The path was by the side of the aqueduct which carries the water from the pools to Jerusalem; and at several places, where the covering had been removed, I saw that a fine stream of pure water was running in that direction. Being curious about the construction of the aqueduct, I found that a square channel had first been made with strong masonry, that this had been partially filled with cement, and in that earthenware piping, of short lengths, and nearly a foot in diameter, had been laid: then the channel had been filled to the surface with cement, and the top overlaid with heavy stones fitting closely to each other. When the cement had hardened, it had formed, with the earthenware, a very strong pipe. When near the pools we passed a boy, with a long gun slung on his back, watching a flock of sheep. At length we came to where a strong and high wall, the end of the lowest of the pools, built of large stones, and supported by a massive buttress, crossed the foot of a narrow valley. There was a man on the summit, carrying

a gun in his hand; and, seeing that every one was armed, we began to have some unpleasant feelings as to the kind of neighbourhood we had got into. We did not climb up to the pool, but made a circuit of nearly a mile, and came out at the head of the three pools—which are immense deep square reservoirs, the sides built of strong masonry, and coated with cement. The highest pool had a considerable quantity of water in it. At its northern side, are the remains of an ancient castle, the exterior walls of which are almost entire; and, one of our party being thirsty, we went in by a strong door, and found a number of mean dwellings in the interior, where our companion got a large dish of sour milk *(lubbun)*. While he was drinking it, a number of the men, armed with heavy-headed sticks, began to gather round us in a very suspicious manner, demanding bucksheesh from us. We retreated for the door, which we found shut, and when we attempted to open it, they closed upon us, and prevented us: and it was only by dint of hard struggling, for they did not venture to strike us, that we at last got squeezed through the door. Our companion, however, had to pay very dear for his milk. We were glad to get away from the place, just staying, as we passed, to go down into the covered fountain which supplies the pools and the aqueduct with water, and in which a most abundant quantity was gushing forth. The pools are of different sizes; and their immense capacity may be judged of by the admeasurement.

They average in length, each, 464 feet, and 203 feet in breadth, and from 20 to 30 feet deep.

The same evening we went down into the grotto, where the monks say Christ was born. But there was nothing there that reminded us of the stable and the manger. I was really glad to get out again. I also saw the evening service going on in both the Greek and Latin Churches. When in the latter, a man belonging to the convent was very desirous that I should hold a lighted candle in my hand!

On the next morning, we visited a cave where they say that the Virgin Mary lived; and were shewn a place where it is said that milk had come from the rock to make up for a deficiency in the aliment of nature's providing! All this was told us by a woman who appeared to have the care of the cave. Making our escape from this place, we went to the eastern side of the hill on which Bethlehem is built, where we overlooked a beautiful secluded valley, of considerable size and of great fertility, which tradition marks as the spot where the shepherds were watching by night, when the angels appeared, bringing the glad tidings of a Saviour's birth.

As we were returning to Jerusalem, we went to Rachel's tomb, which is stated to be "held in equal veneration by Jews, by Christians, and by Mahometans," and is probably on the very spot where Jacob buried his wife,[1] and set up a pillar upon her

1 Gen. xxxv. 19, 20.

grave. A little further on the road is the Greek convent of Mar Elias; a dismal-looking strong old building; and, wishing to see all we could, we went and knocked at the door. No one came for a long time, and we thought the building was surely uninhabited. At last a very old man let us in, without speaking a word, and stared at us, wondering who and what we were. The church, in the interior, had a most decayed and desolate aspect. A great many paintings covered the walls, representing different passages in the history of Elijah. We were glad to reach the open air, out of the deathlike gloom and silence pervading the place.

When near Jerusalem, we determined to finish our explorings by penetrating, if possible, to the Tomb of David, over which the Mahometans have erected a mosque; and which is outside the walls, near the Zion gate. We found only some young men about, probably servants; and, after some hesitation, they let us in, stipulating for bucksheesh. They first took us to a deserted room near the entrance, and having shown that, wished us to hand over the bucksheesh and depart. However, looking at an empty room did not satisfy us, and so they took us to another room, which contained a long plastered tomb (perhaps 12 feet long and a yard high). One of our party had some reason for thinking that this was not what they reverenced as David's tomb; but we could not see further, for some old men had found out what was going on, and, expressing great indignation, sent us away at

once; not even allowing the men who had let us in to take bucksheesh. An old Jew, whom we saw immediately after, said that they had not shown us the tomb of David,—which he said was down in a lower part of the building. This is probably the very tomb of which Peter said, "His sepulchre is with us unto this day."[1]

When going with the same party through one of the streets of Jerusalem, near to St. Stephen's gate, we turned up a narrow lane, which led to a gate of the sacred enclosure around the Mosque of Omar; intending merely to look through the gate, and then return. A Mahometan boy was the first that saw us, and he seemed almost mad with rage at our presence there. He screamed for assistance, and pelted us with stones with all his might. The men came running to their doors, and we were glad to get away without receiving injury at their hands.

On Tuesday morning, Feb. 22, having seen all that I wished, I left Jerusalem on my route homewards to Beyroot. I went to the Jaffa gate, where the horses stand for hire; and, with my imperfect Arabic, I managed to engage a good horse to Ramleh for 15 piastres, and if I went forward to Jaffa on it, I was to pay 5 piastres more. The distance to Jaffa is 45 miles, the charge for which was equal to three shillings and sixpence of our money. Outside the gate there was another mounted traveller, going also to Jaffa; and to an Arab mounted on a donkey was committed the

1 Acts ii. 29.

care of both our horses. I could not discover to what country my companion belonged, though I judged that he was a Bulgarian. We passed many pleasant-looking villages on the side of terraced mountains, where the vine, the fig-tree, and the olive were growing. At other places the path led over barren hills and through rocky ravines. Altogether the road was much better, and travelling along it more pleasant, than I had anticipated.

At noon we came to where there was a man sitting in a rude tent by the wayside, who sold coffee to the passers-by; and there we rested, and sipped his coffee. Journeying on, we were soon in the wide and rich Plain of Sharon. On every side it appeared well-cultivated; the plough being still at work in some places, and in others the grain was growing thick upon the ground. Of late years the cultivation of the land in this part has much increased. The native merchants of Jaffa grow immense quantities of grain on this plain,[1] and export it to Beyroot and other places. I was told, by a good authority, that Palestine, on the average of years, now grows sufficient, or more than sufficient, for its own consumption.

Our muleteer had intended to reach Jaffa that evening, but when we got to Ramleh, I was pleased to see that he had changed his mind. I enjoyed a walk through the quiet streets of this pleasant little town. Gardens and orchards were planted amongst the houses, and graceful palms, of noble height, over-looked the whole. I slept all night at the

1 See Jewish Intelligence for Feb. 1848.

Latin Convent—a gloomy-looking place, where a death-like silence prevailed. We started again on our journey very early the next morning, and reached Jaffa after two or three hours' ride.

Jaffa is famed throughout Syria for its oranges. As we entered the suburbs, this beautiful fruit was hanging in the utmost profusion; and very large oranges were selling in the bazaar at the rate of about 100 for a shilling. When the orange sellers at Beyroot wish to make the people believe that they have got very good ones, they carry them through the streets shouting, *"min Yafa, min Yafa,"*—from Jaffa, from Jaffa. Though not large, Jaffa is a town of considerable trade. Many native coasting vessels were in the harbour; and all along the sea side are the offices and warehouses of the native merchants. It is of very high antiquity; and, as the sea-port for Jerusalem, has always been a place of importance. Here the cedars for Solomon's temple were landed, after being brought by ships from Tyre. The prophet Jonah took ship at Joppa, when he fled from the presence of the Lord. In New Testament times, Dorcas, who made garments for the poor, dwelt here—who was restored to life by the hand of the apostle Peter: and here the same apostle was dwelling—at the house of Simon the tanner, by the sea-side—when he saw the vision, and received the messengers sent by Cornelius from Cæsarea.

Having ascertained that one of the small vessels in the harbour was about to sail that evening for

Beyroot, I purchased provisions for the voyage, and went on board. We set sail just as night was shrouding every thing from our view. Besides myself there were only four other passengers on board. One of them was an old decrepid Jew, who had with him an Arab servant, and the other two were respectable natives. For several hours we made rapid progress, there being a strong breeze blowing in the right direction; and I fell asleep on deck, anticipating reaching Beyroot in a very few days.

About midnight I was awoke by the wind, which had almost increased to a gale. The sailors were running about, and we had to sit up to be out of their way. When the wind continued to increase, I found we were in considerable danger, as the vessel we were in was a very old one, and far too heavily loaded with wheat. When the waves began to break upon the deck, the sailors screamed, and hastily sucked the water up with cloths; for there were no scupper holes through which the water could run off, and the deck was so old and rotten that it got through into the cargo beneath. There was a deck cargo of oranges, and these were now thrown overboard. The storm increased, and the sailors were kept hard at work baling the water from the deck, shouting and screaming to each other in agonizing tones. My fellow-passengers were weeping and praying aloud, and, though more calm than they, I had given up all hope of our lives being saved. I laboured with the crew in

baling the water, but it seemed to do little good. The vessel was sailing deeper and deeper, and very many times I thought, as the waves broke over us, that our last moment had come. It is awful, when in the full possession of life and health, to sit for hours in the prospect of immediate death. "All that a man hath will he give for his life." All the crew but one then took to the boat, and one of the passengers likewise jumped in: and when the high waves in a moment separated them from our sight, I thought that, whatever became of us, they were sure to be lost.

As the morning approached, the wind was driving us on shore: if it had shifted to the east our fate would have been inevitable. Just as the sun rose, the vessel drove with a shock on to a fine sandy beach: and as soon as it was immoveable, the waves swept quite over us with terrific force. One of the passengers swam to the shore on an oar, and his landing in safety inspired me with strong feelings of hope. The captain next reached the shore with his box of papers and money; and I then jumped in, and it is impossible to describe the feelings of the moment, when, safe through the breakers, I stood on the shore, and felt that I was saved out of the jaws of a watery grave. The sailor, with the old Jew and his servant, all left the vessel together, and reached the shore; *"and so it came to pass that they all escaped safe to land."* We all felt truly thankful to God for our happy deliverance; the others expressing this feeling by

often repeating the expression—*Alhamed lellah.*

In a very short time after we were wrecked, the violence of the waves turned the vessel the wrong side up, breaking the masts off. Besides wheat and oranges, the cargo consisted of hides, skins of butter, bags of white soap in small squares, &c., and these all now, with the exception of the wheat, were thrown up by the waves. Presently the sailors who had left the vessel during the night came up, and we were glad to see that they were all safe. The place where we were wrecked was about 25 miles north of Jaffa; and there was no village near, at which we could satisfy our wants. There was, however, an encampment of Bedaween Arabs in the neighbourhood, who had come there to pasture their flocks on the plain, and they soon discovered us. The women and children —dirty, black-looking creatures—came running along the beach, loading themselves with oranges. The men of the tribe began to gather round us—the chiefs on most beautiful horses, and our captain engaged a camel from them to bear him and his box to Jaffa. During all this time, we were drying our clothes by a fire we had kindled on the beach.

About mid-day, we started on our journey back to Jaffa, leaving the sailors in care of the wreck. We took an inland route, and saw the black tents of the Bedaween encampment. We were all on foot, except the captain on a camel, and the old Jew on a donkey without a saddle. I had lost both

cap and shoes, and I did not enjoy the alternate sunshine and heavy showers which followed each other during the day. About an hour before sunset, we came to a village, and took up our quarters in the *manzool* or khan. The only provision that we could at first get, was parched peas and raisins mixed; after that they brought us some soft wheaten cakes just baked. I accompanied one of our party in a foraging expedition through the village, and we found that a woman in one of the houses had some fresh milk, which we purchased.

We resumed our journey an hour or two after midnight; having engaged three additional donkeys, on one of which I was mounted. I pitied much the poor old Jew, who suffered greatly from the want of a saddle. The two young men who had the charge of our asses and camel, took great delight in increasing his sufferings by making his donkey kick; and when they so provoked the animal that he fairly threw his rider, their laughter had no bounds. This is only a specimen of the indignities everywhere shewn to the Jews in the land of their fathers. We got into Jaffa before the sun had risen, and I was thankful to get a room in the convent, where I could rest from my fatigues.

My shipwreck and return to Jaffa procured me the acquaintance of two gentlemen, who both were kind and attentive to me. One of them was Mr. Hanover, a German, who is the agent for the sale of

the London Jews' Society's publications, and could converse in English, and the other was a German monk at the convent. They both wished me to call on the British consul at Jaffa, and to oblige them I went, though I afterwards wished that I had not done so. I found that he was Assaad Yacoob Kayat, a native of Syria; but well known in England, from his having visited this country several times, and lectured to public audiences.[1] A native may easily put on the European costume, and surround himself with English comforts, but it is not so easy to become a thorough and polite gentleman. I was really glad to escape from the presence of this Anglo-Arab, and breathe freely in the open air, after such an oppressive and overpowering display of dignity.

After staying two days at Jaffa, I joined two of the monks from the convent, who were setting out for Nazareth, and whom I intended to accompany as far as Mount Carmel. I was not then disposed to trust my life again in an Arab vessel, preferring rather the fatigues of the land journey. I engaged, as I understood, a horse, and paid the man the money; but, on setting out, a large donkey was given me. The owner of the animals saw that I could not wait, as my companions were already before me, and took advantage of the circumstance. At the outskirts of the town, he took away the

1 He is the author of a very curious book, entitled "A Voice from Lebanon," published in London in 1847, in which he gives an account of his life and travels, and relates many most incredible incidents. Every part is written in the true eastern style of self-adulation, and consequently the impression left on the readers' mind is opposite to what the writer intended.

donkey on which I was riding, and gave me instead a poor miserable one about half the size, which could scarcely keep up with the rest. A mounted Arab, and one on foot, also joined us; and, with our black muleteer, we made up a party of six. We took the inland road, through the middle of the Plain of Sharon. In some places the ground was cultivated, and in others covered with grass. The country had an undulating surface, and trees and bushes, growing here and there, gave variety and beauty to the scene. After more than eight hours' travelling, when it was nearly dark, we arrived at a small village where we were to lodge. The khan was the worst in which I had ever slept. It was a low gloomy vault, with black walls, and a black earthen floor. Our horses, asses, and mule, were close beside us, and, in my case, sleep was quite out of the question.

At an hour before sunrise we were again on our journey. After a few hours' ride, we turned westward across the plain, and came to the sea-side, which we followed until noon. Nothing could be more splendid than this beach. The sand was neither too hard nor too soft, and was adorned with beautifully coloured shells: and we could ride within the edge of the foaming ocean. We came to Cæsarea at noon; where we left the sea, and turned inland through the ruins of this city. A part of the city wall yet remains, and we passed under an arch, which has formerly been one of the city gates. All however was desolate and

uninhabited, and the ruin of the city is so complete that few signs of its ancient magnificence are now to be seen. On the beach I picked up some small smooth pebbles, of beautiful marble.

In New Testament times, Cæsarea was the usual residence of the Roman governor; and is often mentioned in connexion with the labours of the apostles. Here the gospel was first preached to the Gentiles, by the apostle Peter, at the house of Cornelius the centurion. At Cæsarea, King Herod was eaten of worms, "because he gave not God the glory." It was also the abode of Philip the Evangelist. Here Paul was imprisoned two years; and here, Felix trembled at the word of the apostle, and King Agrippa was almost persuaded to be a Christian.

Just after we had passed outside the remains of the ancient wall, we rested and lunched besides a rich pasture, where we turned our horses, &c., loose for a short time. When we resumed our journey, I had increased difficulty in making my donkey keep up with the others; and after we had safely passed the village of Dor, whose inhabitants have not a very good reputation, I was fairly left behind, and soon lost sight of my companions. Though entirely unprotected, I was preserved from harm during the rest of the journey; and also kept in the right path. The sun set as I was opposite the south-west face of the promontory of Carmel, and I had then to make a long circuit before I could commence the ascent of the moun-

tain. As darkness came on, I lost the path in the midst of of newly-ploughed ground, through which it was difficult to proceed. To say the least, it was not pleasant to be alone, benighted, and to lose one's way in this part of the country. After much search, for the last rays of twilight had gone, I was rejoiced to find the commencement of the road which leads up to the monastery. In half an hour more, I had happily reached a place of rest and safety, after fourteen or fifteen hours of toilsome travel.

The Plain of Sharon, along the coast between Jaffa and Mount Carmel, is only very partially cultivated. After leaving Jaffa, and its well-cultivated vicinity, we had seen little grain growing, except near the small and far distant villages by which we had come. As we approached Mount Carmel, more of the soil was bearing grain than nearer the middle of the plain. Companies of women were seen sitting, in some fields, in a row amongst the grain, pulling out a rapidly-spreading bulbous root, which grows in great profusion. Whilst the women were thus toiling, the men would be sitting in some dark hut in their villages, idly smoking their pipes round a few smoking embers. In ancient times, Sharon was celebrated for its richness and its "excellency," and in king David's reign, he had "herds that fed in Sharon."[1] Now, for the transgression of Israel, "the earth mourneth and languisheth; . . *Sharon is like a wilderness:*"[2]

1 1 Chron. xxvii. 29. 2 Isa. xxxiii. 9.

but when Israel shall have turned to their God, and been restored to their own land, "the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. The glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and *Sharon*."[1] "And Sharon shall be a fold of flocks."[2]

I rested a whole day, breathing the delicious and invigorating atmosphere of Carmel, and on the following day I walked to Acre, making the circuit of its splendid bay. The river Mukutta was easily forded, being only about half the depth that it was when we crossed it before. When at Acre, I went to the British consul, to get him to enquire for me where I could engage a horse or donkey. He was a Jew, and, unlike the Jaffa consul, was perfectly courteous, and kindly went with me,—though we did not succeed in finding what I wanted. He spoke English, but not with fluency.

Early next morning (March 3rd), I set out alone on my journey northward, and proceeded along the sea-shore for about ten miles, to Zib or Zeeb.[3] As I knew of no other place betwixt it and Tyre, I felt obliged to stay there: though it was very unpleasant to remain, alone, in such a village, the greater part of a day. At first, when I entered, the place looked deserted. I found out the khan, which is a long building, one end of which is reserved for horses, and in it was a man with sore eyes, lying on the ground, and a little weakly boy.

1 Isa. xxxv. 1, 2. 2 Isa. lxv. 10. 3 See page 52.

Leaving this, I enquired for a shop, and was shewn a little low house, in a corner of the village. As the interior looked clean, I went in and sat down, attempting to converse with the friendly old Mahometan who lived there. I purchased from him eggs, bread, and figs—the best provisions that he had. The bread was of the kind used in Lebanon —very tough unfermented cakes, almost as thin as paper. As the evening approached, the appearance of the village became much more animated. The men were lounging about, or assembling in groups near the Khan, and the women were going to and returning from the well, bearing pitchers of water on their shoulders.

An old Arab, who had lodged at the Khan all night, started with me next morning, and accompanied me all the way to Tyre. This was one of my most interesting walks in Palestine. In about an hour we came to the northern extremity of the plain of Acre, and ascended the rugged hill of Nakoura, which terminates in an abrupt precipice towards the sea. On the summit of this hill we rested and had coffee in a very rude hut, wherein two men were sitting. The view here was very fine. Looking back, the plain of Acre was spread out before us, bounded by the noble range of Carmel. On our left, far beneath us, was the wide-spreading deep blue sea, and, as we advanced, the frightful cliffs of the white promontory were in full view before us, rising precipitously out of the deep; between which and the hill we were on, a beautiful

tract of country intervened. When traversing this plain, we came to another khan, in front of which a fountain of delicious water was flowing from under an arch. We here purchased of a boy, who appeared to have the management of the place, a quantity of bread and *lubbun*, with a few figs, and we made a good breakfast. From this place we accompanied another man, who was going in our direction, with a mule and donkey heavily laden with *semmen* (Arab butter) in large skins.

In a short time we were climbing an ancient road, cut in the front and near the summit of the White Promontory. This is said to be the work of Alexander the great. To our left, far beneath us, the foot of the white precipice rose directly from the deep ocean; between which and the road, in some places only a small wall of rock was left. A few years' ago, a robber chief had his head quarters in this neighbourhood, and some fearful scenes are said to have been enacted along this frightful road. As we descended the north side of the hill, Tyre was in full view before us, seated on the extremity of a promontory, jutting out a considerable way into the sea. It appeared a small neat walled town. Betwixt there and Tyre we passed over the remains of an ancient paved road. Some suppose that *old Tyre* extended itself in this direction, but so few remains are to be seen that the position of that city is quite problematic. That word has been literally fulfilled, "Though thou be sought for, yet shalt thou never be found again, saith the Lord God."[1]

1 Ezekiel xxvi. 21.

It was about four o'clock when we entered the gate of Tyre, after crossing a wide tract of loose sand. All was very quiet and still, and nothing was there to remind us of her ancient glory. I found the khan to be a very unpleasant place, so I sought about for better lodgings, and at last got an apartment in the Greek convent. Being thoroughly tired of travelling by land, I was willing to trust myself again in an Arab vessel; and, after enquiring I found that one was going to sail to Beyroot in about two days.

Modern Tyre is an improving little town, built where the island city stood, which Alexander the great connected by a causeway with the mainland. Its chief trade is the export of its very superior tobacco, which is chiefly grown in the neighbourhood. The inhabitants are skilful fishers, and the long nets, which I saw drying on the city walls, reminded me of the prediction,—"It shall be a place for spreading of nets in the midst of the sea."[1] The harbour was enclosed towards the sea by the ruins of ancient walls; but only very small vessels could enter, as it is so much filled up with sand. The larger coasting vessels had to ride outside, in the bay north of the promontory.

The weather was beautiful though very warm, and I enjoyed myself much during these two days of repose. I was frequently in the bazaar, where little business appeared to be going on. The south portion of the town is very closely built,—the town

1 Ezek. xxvi. 5.

altogether containing a popalation of between 2000 and 3000. Outside the walls, to the south, is a portion of the ancient island quite unoccupied, except with ruins. When walking there, I saw a man who had been seeking for coins, and bought some copper ones of him—all that he had—for two piastres. In the convent, a Greek family lived, who were singing and feasting on the eve of Lent; and there were visitors continually calling, apparently without invitation, and joining in their feast. During the time I was there, I enjoyed beautifully flavoured fish, which were very plentiful, and could be purchased, ready broiled, in the bazaar.

On Monday evening, I went on board the vessel for Beyroot. As night set in we were almost opposite Sidon, having a very favourable breeze. During the night the wind increased, and it was so dark that the captain could not see the outline of Lebanon, and consequently did not know in which direction we were sailing. I had a small compass with me, and by it he steered for some time. I was very sick all the night; and so was also an Arab girl—the only passenger besides myself and an Austrian tailor. The morning found us opposite the promontory of Beyroot, and we were in the harbour before it was fully light. We were passed by the quarantine officers, and I landed, truly thankful for having finished my adventurous journey in safety.

CHAP. VIII.

BEYROOT.—ARAB FUNERAL.—LEAVE BEYROOT.—FRENCH STEAMER.—ALEXANDRIA.—MALTA.—MARSEILLES.—PARIS.—BOULOGNE.—ARRIVE IN ENGLAND.

After my return from Jerusalem, I resided along with Mr. Lowthian almost three months, in the pleasant vicinity of Beyroot. During this time we extended our acquaintance with our neighbours, and were interested in observing their manners and customs. The native population of Beyroot, is, for the East, a highly civilized one. The great majority are Christians, who are almost equally divided between the Greek and Maronite churches. In Lebanon there are few who belong to the former church, nearly all being Maronites, and under the Pope.

Although now perfectly quiet, Lebanon was recently the scene of a destructive warfare between the Druses and Maronites, in which the latter, though more numerous than their enemics, were the greatest sufferers. During this war, one of the engagements took place at Arbeh, and a French priest who ventured out during the battle, was accidentally shot. The American Missionaries there received no injury in any shape, during the prolonged contest. At many places, the houses of

the Christians were burnt and destroyed. At Arbeh the Maronites took refuge in an old castle there, and being besieged by the Druses, were in danger of starvation. Word of this being sent to the English consul at Beyroot, Col. Rose rode up; and such reverence have the mountaineers for British power, that he, without any military force, conducted the besieged in safety to Beyroot. The two races are now dwelling peaceably together, more or less mixed, throughout Lebanon.

We heard several instances of the influence of the British consuls here; and the *regard* in which they are held by the people was some time ago strikingly instanced. When Niven Moore, Esq., the British consul, was appointed to Aleppo, in 1841, the Emirs or native Princes of Lebanon united in sending a petition to our Queen, praying, as a favour to them, that he might return to Beyroot. It was, I believe, in consequence of this application that Mr. Moore, after a short residence in Aleppo, was reappointed to Beyroot; where he and Colonel Rose now so ably represent Her Majesty's government, and so kindly attend to the interests of their countrymen.

A short time before I left Beyroot, a wealthy Arab neighbour of ours died very suddenly. He and his brothers were the proprietors of a silk-spinning establishment, the only one in the hands of the natives. We were at first made aware of his death by the women of the neighbourhood lamenting and weeping. In an hour or two, companies of the male friends and acquaintances of the deceased,

began to arrive—dressed in their best attire, and wearing that solemnity of countenance which only an Arab can exhibit. They would be going, doubtless, to mourn with and to comfort the mourners,—just as we read that the Jews did, in the time of our Lord, on the occasion of Lazarus's death. The funeral took place the same day. As the procession started, the shrieks of the women of the family were awful. There were between one and two hundred persons accompanying the body, and Mr. Lowthian and I joined the procession. Some of the brothers evinced such an intensity of grief that they had to be helped along by others. Entering Beyroot, we followed them to a Greek church, where an aged priest read the funeral service in a nasal singing tone, the building being at the same time perfumed with burning incense from a censer. The procession afterwards went along the streets, and through the gate leading west. Just as the coffin emerged through the gate, it was elevated as high as possible on the outstretched hands of the bearers, and carried so for some distance, though with immense exertion, as the deceased was both tall and corpulent. The meaning of this we did not learn.

During the next day, small parties of respectable females, all of course native Christians, were every now and then seen going to mourn with the female members of the family. As each party entered, piercing shrieks arose; neither were their tears fictitious, for all whom we noticed returned with eyes

inflamed with weeping. This continued throughout the day, the alarming shrieking being always repeated as fresh mourners arrived. We were glad when evening brought with it silence and repose.

On several occasions we saw the funeral processions of the Mahometans proceeding through the streets of Beyroot. The body was carried in a bier, enclosed at the sides, and over it green branches were fixed. A long train of mourners generally followed, about half of whom would sing together a deep base and melancholy chant: and when these stoped, the other half would respond in an equally melancholy wail, though in a much higher key.

"We have now completed our journey over Palestine, and are about to leave it. If the reader have shared with us in any degree in the interest of the journey, he will share likewise our regret in bidding adieu to this land of prophets. We have ascended its mountains, traversed its plains, and examined the ruins of its once princely cities. We have breathed its air, and drank its waters; we have sat beneath the shadow of its solitary palm-trees, and mused amid the sepulchres of its mighty dead: and now, illustrious land! we bid thee farewell. Others claim our homage from the throne of their power; to thee it is willingly rendered although thou art seated amidst thy ruins. Of old thou wert wont to clothe thyself in purple, and sit on thrones; but the dust has long been thy dwelling, and sackcloth thine only covering. Shall it be

always thus? Are thy wounds immedicable? Shalt thou sit for ever on the ground? No. The same hand that hath chastened thee will yet raise thee from the dust, and array thee in thy beautiful garments, and thy latter end shall be better than thy beginning. The mists of superstition, which have covered thee for ages, shedding night upon thy plains, shall pass away, and O how fair upon thy mountains shall the morning break! Thy sons shall come from far, and shall build thy cities; and they who made thee waste shall go forth of thee. Then Lebanon shall begin the song, and Tabor and the dewy Hermon shall return the shout. The ocean, as it rolls around the foot of Carmel, and along the borders of the flowery Sharon, shall prolong the hymn. The cedar on the mountains shall sing to the olive of the vale: the cities on the plain shall shout to the inhabitant of the hills: while the dwellers on the rock shall waft the tidings to the Jordan, that the Lord hath visited and redeemed his land."[1]

On Friday, May 26, I took my passage to Marseilles, and went on board the French Government steamer "Le Caire," which had arrived at Beyroot from Alexandria in the morning of the same day. Among the passengers was Miss Graham, a sister of the ex-Home-Secretary, who had been travelling through Egypt and Syria. There was also an American clergyman, Mr. Pease, whose agreeable society I enjoyed until we arrived

1 Wylie's Modern Judea.

at Malta. We lost sight of the "goodly land" as the evening closed in, and early on Sunday morning we anchored in the capacious harbour of Alexandria. We could not land to see the city, for Egypt puts Syria into quarantine, though the latter is a much more healthy country than Egypt. Very little of Alexandria was visible to us, but beyond it we could just discern the summit of Pompey's Pillar. A newly erected white building fronted the harbour, which we were told was the new palace of the Pasha's. Vessels from various nations were in the harbour, and near us were several Egyptian men of war, huge unwieldly looking three-deckers, and two war steamers, over which also the dirty-red flag of Egypt was flying.

We were detained at Alexandria until Tuesday morning, when the vessel's bow was pointed for Malta. One part of our cargo consisted of leeches from Egypt—perhaps a hundred large boxes full. I should scarcely have supposed that there had been so many existing as we had then on board. We had a very favourable and pleasant voyage to Malta. When in the widest part of the Mediterranean—the Adria where Paul was driven about with a tempest[1]—the weather was a little squally. One of our passengers, an old Italian from Alexandria, who had been a bookseller or librarian there, suffered a great deal from asthma: and he could not bear the confined air of his cabin at night, but, contrary to the surgeon's orders, spent

1 Acts xxvii. 27.

a great part of each night on deck, exposed to a saturating dew. During each day, he sat lamenting his condition, and asking what crime he had committed, that every one should neglect him and leave him to die. One morning he was worse than usual, and I helped him across the deck to his cabin, and in a short time afterwards he was found lying dead. Poor fellow! he said he was going before he died to see his country's independence; but he was spared from seeing the hope of that independence destroyed.

On Friday evening, we came in sight of Malta just as the golden rays of sunset were resting on the still waters of the ocean, and in a short time we were floating securely in its rock-girt harbour. We could not land, as we were in quarantine, but I was glad to have reached the abodes of western civilization, and to be so near a land over which the flag of Britain was floating. Several passengers left us here, who would have to remain in quarantine eight days. We remained at anchor all the next day, and, the sea-breeze being shut out, the heat was most excessive. Some fresh passengers came on board, amongst whom was Mrs. More O'Ferrall, the lady of the governor of Malta, who was fleeing home with her family from the dreaded summer heats of the island.

We sailed from Malta in the evening, and on the next morning the beautiful coast of Sicily was on our right. The day after, we coasted along the eastern side of Sardinia, which appeared very rocky

and barren. After that we sailed to the west of Corsica, whose high mountains were seen covered with snow. On Tuesday noon we entered the harbour of Marseilles, and were all taken with our luggage to the quarantine house, to be imprisoned there for five days. The accommodation was much better than in the quarantine establishments in the East; but, at the best, it is a most unpleasant thing to be shut up, with nothing to do, and to feel that one is a prisoner. I walked a good deal in the grounds with a French gentleman who was returning from India, and who could speak a little English. He was an enthusiastic republican, and discoursed largely on the organization of labour. He would have it that the English aristocracy was a "bad institusheone," and said that by and bye there would be "von leetle revolusheone" in England, after the model of France. He predicted that the entire continent would soon be under republican governments, and that England, if she remained a monarchy, would be isolated, and its power would cease. He was much nearer the mark when describing English society as being unfortunately divided into classes, almost as much separated as the different castes amongst the Hindoos. There was a Spanish gentleman also in quarantine—a strongly built man with a most stately walk—who maintained to the Frenchman the superiority of Spain to all other countries; and when the latter asked him in what she was superior, whether in arts, literature, or war, the proud

Spaniard was in a towering passion, and would not be reconciled to one who had so insulted him.

On Sunday noon (June 11) we were set at liberty, our luggage was taken on carts to the custom-house near the centre of the city, and we all had to wait about three hours, standing in the streets, waiting for the officers to examine our luggage. When that was over, I went with my French friend to an hotel, where I abode all night. Some of the streets of Marseilles are very fine. They were crowded with gay promenaders, and, apparently, no regard was paid to the observance of the Sabbath. I was amused at the importunity of the little blacking boys, who abound in all the leading thoroughfares, and who almost compelled me to let one of them clean my shoes. I saw the milkmen taking their cows and goats about the streets, to be milked at the doors of their customers.

About half-past eight on Monday morning, I seated myself in the *rotonde* of a diligence, after having entered and paid for the whole distance to Paris. We were driven to the station of the Marseilles and Avignon railroad, where the diligence, with passengers and their luggage, was hoisted from off the wheels by machinery, and placed on a railway truck. The environs of Marseilles were very pleasing, being occupied with gardens, in which neat cottages were built. After passing these, the railway led through a very mountanious district. About noon we reached Avignon, where our diligence was lowered on to a

fresh set of wheels, and we were driven off. We remained a short time in Avignon, which appeared to be a clean well-built old fashioned town. Great numbers of soldiers were visible in the streets.

After leaving Avignon, we travelled through a rich level country, over a fine road which ran parallel to the river Rhone. We passed many curious villages, with high old-fashioned gloomy-looking houses; and near each village, there was generally the ruin of an old castle on an adjoining height. In some places I observed the people reaping, in others gathering the hay. The silk-spinning season was just over, and large quantities of cocoons were exposed before some of the houses. At a place which I think was called Orange, we passed beside a very old and fine triumphal Arch. The principal peculiarities which I noticed in the dress of the women among the peasantry, were large straw hats, and wooden shoes.

What a huge cumbrous machine a diligence is, and how much in contrast to our stage coach! The heavy constructed vehicle, the two dozen passengers, and the mountain of luggage on the top, altogether a very heavy weight, were supported by broad wagon wheels; and the noise was deafening as it was driven through the streets of the towns. The horses, of which there were usually five, were powerful heavy animals, not at all formed for quick action; and it was painful to see them kept at full speed. With every change of horses there was a fresh driver, dressed like a peasant in a blue linen

blouse, who kept cracking his whip in a most extraordinary manner.

About four o'clock the next morning, we reached Valence, where we were all transferred to a steamer on the river. Heavy rain had then come on, and it was anything but pleasant to sit in a crowded damp boat, proceeding against the current at the rate of five miles an hour. By and bye, however, the rain ceased, the clouds dispersed, and our river voyage became highly interesting. The country appeared very rich and well-cultivated. Hills rose on every hand, which were covered to the summit with the vine, whilst the plains were laden with fine ripening crops of grain.

The day was nearly at its close when we approached Lyons, and then the scene on the river was full of life and variety. Several handsome suspension bridges crossed the river. The washing boats, moored by the quay side, were quite new to me. When we landed, an omnibus took us to the diligence office, where I was told to be ready to start from Lyons at eight the next morning. This threw me quite on my own resources for the night. I could make no attempt at speaking French, and I had now no companion to interpret for me. I walked up and down the streets observing all I could. News had arrived that day (June 13) that there had been some disturbance at Paris, and several bodies of soldiers were assembling in the large square in front of the Hotel de Ville. After walking about until I was wearied, I entered an

inn, and had no difficulty in making them understand I wanted dinner and a bed.

I rose early the next morning, and took another walk about Lyons. I came to the Cathedral, a venerable gothic pile, greatly admired I believe by antiquarians. In front of this there was a busy market of country produce. We started at eight o'clock, journeying all the day through a beautiful fertile country; and the villages had a more rural and pleasing aspect than in the south of France. In the midst of each village was the newly-planted tree of liberty, and from the top of several the tri-color flag was waving.

We travelled all the night, and in the forenoon of next day reached Bourges, a very well-built and cheerful-looking town, where we stayed an hour or two. A railway connects Bourges with Paris, and our diligence was driven to the station, and speedily lowered, minus the wheels, on to a railway truck. The country through which the railway passed, was more flat and barren than any we had hitherto seen in France. In some places it appeared quite boggy. We reached Orleans about two o'clock, where there was a fine station and splendid refreshment rooms. We stayed about an hour there, but of course, as we never left the station, I saw nothing of the city. We arrived in Paris about eight o'clock in the evening.

As soon as the train stopped, military officers enquired of the passengers if any of them were workmen. An outbreak was expected in Paris, and the government was preventing the influx of work-

men from the provinces. We had to wait a long time at the station, as seven diligences had arrived by the train, and our diligence was the last which was mounted on wheels, and driven off. From the diligence office, I made my way to an English inn, near the Boulevard des Italiens, where I felt quite at home, and was glad to hear that amidst the revolutions and changes which distracted other lands, our own beloved country was undisturbed and unshaken.

The next day (Friday, June 16) I wandered alone through the streets of Paris, observing the physiognomy of the city. Everything appeared gay and beautiful, and I saw nothing to indicate the approach of the fearful convulsion, which, a week later, deluged the streets with blood. In the evening I removed my quarters to an hotel near the railway terminus, where no English was spoken, and was surprised that my dinner, with the bottle of weak wine—the usual accompaniment of the Frenchman's dinner—was only charged a franc (9½d.).

I left Paris early the next morning, by rail, and arrived at Boulogne about noon. Very many houses were to let, as the revolution had frightened away great numbers of the English residents. On the quay, they were swinging fine blood horses into the London steamer, for the revolution had caused that description of horses to be a drug in Paris; and great numbers of fine English horses, had, since February, found their way back to their native country. We started during the night, and

after encountering a stiff breeze in the channel, entered the Thames next morning; and at noon of Sunday June 17, I landed, safe and well, at London bridge, thankful for having been preserved to tread again on English ground, and for the near prospect of once more sharing the pleasures and comforts of HOME.

APPENDIX.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

That this building is not over the place where our Lord was crucified and buried, is, I think, evident from its position. He "suffered without the gate,"[1] in a place "nigh to the city;"[2] whilst the church is not far from the centre of the city. And when we consider that Jerusalem, in New Testament times, was a much larger place than it now is, and that it extended northward far beyond its present limits, we see that the spot on which the church stands, must then have been nearer than even it is at present to the centre of the city.

In opposition to this view, many recent writers have adduced the historical evidence on the affirmative side of the question. Without going into the evidence, I would observe that the first and most important links in the chain are wanting, and that in their place are substituted a series of ingenious suppositions.

We may imagine that public executions would take place in the part around Jerusalem reckoned as the most unclean; and, agreeing with this, three of the Evangelists describe the place where the Saviour was crucified with two thieves, as being called "*Golgotha, which is being interpreted 'The place of a skull.'*" The only place near Jerusalem at all answering to this description, of which we have any account in Scripture, is the valley of Hinnom, on the south of the city—frequently called "*Tophet*"

1 Heb. xiii. 12. 2 John xix. 20.

in the Old Testament. It is mentioned by Jeremiah as a defiled and polluted place, where the temple of Moloch had stood, and where the children had been sacrificed in the fire to that deity. On account of this the Lord said that they should "*bury in Tophet until there should be no place.*"[1] The remains of ancient tombs excavated in the rocky sides of this valley testify yet to the character of the spot. "The place of a skull" would be a fitting name for it, and we know of no other place around Jerusalem to which such a name would then be applicable.

Therefore, whilst it has been wisely ordained that we should not know anything certain of the place where our Lord was crucified and buried—that we might not reverence the place instead of him who suffered there,—we may conclude that it was not where the Church of the Holy Sepulchre now stands; and we may incline, I think, to the opinion that it took place in "Topheth which is in the valley of the children of Hinnom."[2]

1 Jer. vii. 32. 2 II Kings xxiii. 10.

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